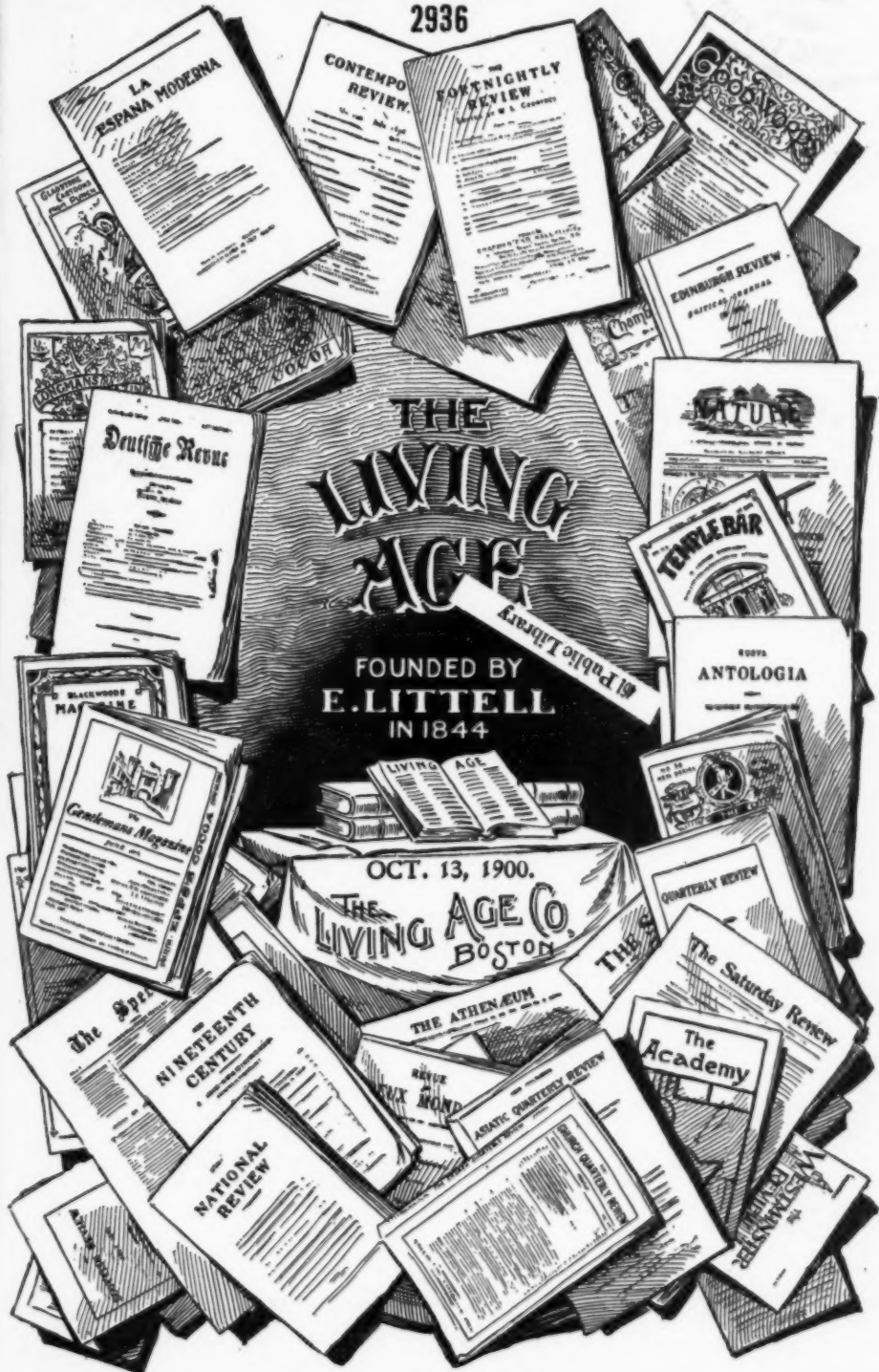


A VISIT TO PASCAL. By A. Soares.

2936



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Seventh Series }
Volume IX.

No. 2936—October 13, 1900.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXVII.

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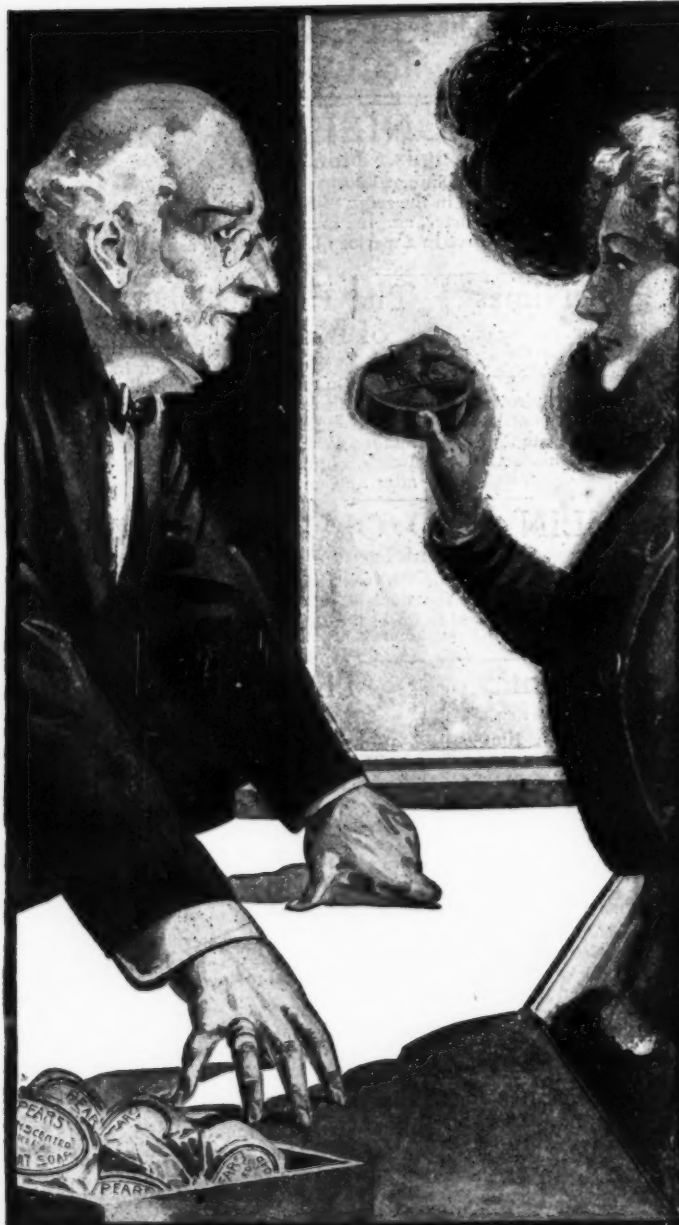
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXVII.

A VISIT TO PASCAL.*

On a day when the gossiping city of Paris was more than usually pestered by insolent calumnies and reeking with blind invective, one M. de Sélipse came to the end of his endurance, and escaped into the country. He was a man who suffered keenly from the general disorder incident to his time, and which all the world seemed conspiring to aggravate. Deep indignation took possession of M. de Sélipse—a sort of cold, stern anger—when he reflected that he had within himself both the will and the power to bring order out of this spiritual chaos—and all to no avail. The power of an individual represents the mean between his own in-born capacity and what circumstances permit him to accomplish;—the harmony between his proper force, and the fatality of events. This is why every man who has exercised a great influence, knows that he has come within one of exercising none whatever; and the happy accident which is naught of itself, but without which all the rest is futile, is what he calls his “star.” The chance whereby a man is born at the right moment, does more for him than he can ever do for himself. Ten years or so, may make all the difference between being Caesar or not being Caesar; and a man’s ability to bring out

what is in him often depends on that slight variation in the line of the nose which makes it an agreeable feature or otherwise. But the force which cannot be brought to bear upon others will be turned against its possessor, and the greater the obstacles offered by unmanageable facts, the more bitterly will he suffer for his own impotence. Agitated by reflections of this nature, M. de Sélipse thought to find solace, if not distraction, in a visit to the most austere and secluded valley in the immediate neighborhood of Paris. He went to Port-Royal-in-the-Fields.

It was the season of Pentecost, when spring is passing into summer and cool nights are apt to be followed by sultry days, with veiled skies and a frequent menace of storm. When M. de Sélipse, who had set out very early, arrived, a little before noon at the gates of the famous abbey, the brilliant morning heaven was already clouded, and the deep, yet delicate and tender blue peculiar to the Ile de France, was overcast by fleecy grayish clouds, beneath which the air which had been so brisk became heavy and motionless. The blue ether of France is not changeless and sublime like the eye of a god. It has the appealing quality of a human glance, and its darkening moves to sadness and compassion rather than

* Translated for The Living Age.

anger. It gratified M. de Séipse to find the weather in harmony with his own disturbed spirit. His route had lain at first between grain-fields glittering with dew, a clear sky above him and a fresh breeze blowing. Vivid green wheat had alternated with bluish oats, both being already tall enough to wave and rustle, while here and there on the wide expanse of plain, a peasant might be seen guiding his twinkling plough, as one insect pursues another.

As you approach Port-Royal the country becomes more barren and the scattered hamlets barely rise above the level of the ground. The enlarged horizon, like all great things, takes on an aspect of sad and rather stern remoteness; and if the eye of heaven itself looks gravely out from under its drooping lid of storm-charged cloud, it does but reflect the more faithfully the spirit of the place. It is this with which we have to do. The man or the landscape that has no soul to reveal, means nothing to us. From the edge of the vast plateau, whose ever-serious expression becomes tragic, as the sun declines, you dip into a narrow valley, and follow a rough and densely shaded road-way, down to the lowest point of a circular depression where, girdled with high walls and embowered in foliage stands all that is left of the Abbey of Port-Royal.

The Abbey was once an enormous structure;—or rather an assemblage of several groups of buildings. The house occupied by the recluses faced the convent of the Daughters of the Holy Sacrament, who were vowed to the Perpetual Adoration. There was a celebrated school, which numbered Racine among its pupils, and a chapel where men, women and children, of condition and character the most diverse, met together with a common thought. The stamp of the place was upon them all;—too deeply imprinted in the soul to be ever wholly obliterated. A garden di-

vided the house of the nuns from that of the gentlemen-residents, and the children were lodged in a long, low wing which also contained their classrooms. Beyond lay orchards and vegetable gardens,—bearing witness to the kind of labor which is perhaps more pleasing to Heaven than any other form of human effort. The simplest and most blameless mode of life in this world is doubtless that of the lay-brother, who goes from the field to the chapel, and from the spade to the psalter; and who finds it a relief to the body which has been bowed by toil, to kneel before his God.

Of all the mass of buildings which once constituted the Abbey of Port-Royal, a single rude tower, formerly attached to one of the wings, is all that now remains. Only a patient and indefatigable hatred could have devised and carried out so complete a work of destruction. The Jansenist tombs have been violated and the plough has passed over the site of the cloister. It was the will of Louis XIV that one of the mightiest and most compact moral forces which ever existed in France, should be pulverized and scattered to the winds. The men who took refuge there, had the cemetery where they were to lie ever before their eyes, and it was their favorite place of promenade. Little would they have cared to know whether their ashes would or would not be left in place. One can understand that it might even have given a bitter satisfaction to Pascal, to know that his own would be scattered to the winds. Not to speak of the joy with which he ever suffered persecution in the cause of truth and justice, he would have gloried in the outrage offered to his sinful flesh, and would have seen therein a signal favor to the soul.

The gentlemen of Port-Royal were not clerics. Many of them would have felt unworthy to be so; to others, either

from their nature or their position, the idea would have been repugnant. They constituted a kind of third order; not precisely laity, yet declining to be monks they lived to save their souls, but they proposed to do this in the world, and were resigned to living there. Port-Royal was their place of retreat, to which they came for a closer walk with God. They hearkened for the divine voice there more attentively than elsewhere, but not otherwise. There they held frequent converse with a Power, at once deeply feared and ardently invoked:—alone, both in the awe which it inspired and the help it was able to afford. In an age when every man desired, sooner or later, to obtain some knowledge of himself, nowhere was greater progress made in the cruel art of self-comprehension than in that austere company.

Now it is a deep offence to an absolute monarch for men to retire within themselves. No other rebels can escape him so completely; and moreover, those who judge themselves without mercy, will be very apt to judge others in the same manner. Absolute monarchs do not love this kind of independent sovereignty; and the more silent it is, the more effectually it defies them. Its very deference is a form of contempt, for it passes judgment. Sovereigns after the flesh, hate sovereignty of another order which does not acknowledge their own. The more humble its behavior, the more it humiliates them, for it gives them no hold upon itself, and indubitably towers above that which it deprecates. This is why the absolute ruler, be his name Louis XIV, Napoleon or Populace, is ever suspicious of the recluse and ready to smite him. It will not do to have too many saints in the state, nor even in the world; and still less a school of sanctity. Sanctity is a menace to nature, which objects neither to slaves

nor false witnesses, but detests judges. . . .

At a turn in the shaded road, you come upon a wooden door, in a stone framework, and this is surmounted by an iron cross. It is the entrance to the Abbey.

As I am about to knock, I seem to see M. de Séipse push open the door, which was doubtless ajar. He crosses the threshold and I follow him, for M. de Séipse and I have known one another long and I have a great esteem for him. We think alike about many things, although we meet but seldom. As the door grates upon its hinges M. de Séipse turns his head, and seems a little disconcerted to perceive that he is not alone, even in Port-Royal. I had the self-same feeling when I first saw him at the door, but he recognized me immediately, as I had recognized him; and we decided that the charm of a solitary visit would not necessarily be spoiled for either of us, by the presence of the other, and that we need not speak unless moved by some common emotion, which would be all the sweeter for being shared.

The doorway passed, one is in the Fields of Port-Royal, traversing an enclosed tract. The path runs first across a green meadow full of corn-flowers, with here and there a scarlet poppy breaking out, as with a cry of joy. Then the space widens upon either hand and the ground begins to fall abruptly, as into a bed in the bottom of the hollow. A few steps more, and the whole solitary vale is disclosed, like a deep basin with a border of wooded hills. The edge of the valley is everywhere veiled by foliage, and the light of heaven seems to be shed from a loftier altitude than when it falls upon a plain. The encircling garland of leafage casts a luminous yet pensive shadow. Everything here seems arrested and stayed. All, all within these narrow limits is eloquent

of hidden greatness, and the self-collected soul.

The flowery sprays of the lilacs, whose blossoming-time is nearly over, sway backward and forward in the breeze. A light shower has lately fallen, and fresh odors arise from the ground, the meadows, the leaves, while the soft murmur of a running brook is audible in the sweetness of the all-pervading quiet. The fields bear little evidence of human culture, but their aspect is all the purer for its absence. An avenue of trees leads to a house in a sequestered nook, and the hard lines and dazzling stone-work of a new chapel in the bottom of the valley almost offend the eye.

For it is here that certain pious men have brought together all that can now be recovered of what once belonged to the Jansenists. They have built this little church and dedicated it to a worship which they cannot bring themselves to regard as a thing of the past. The relics of the cemetery have been re-arranged on one side of the chapel, for the hand of hatred has wrought so unsparing a devastation here that the very tombs have been removed, and the few fragments remaining are the debris of death, rather than of life. Grave-stones are propped up against the low wall enclosing a small sandy space in front of the chapel, which seems made for a place of meeting. Several steps lead up to the level of the church-door, which opens upon a broad terrace charmingly over-shadowed by lilacs and other trees. If we cannot have the harmonies of a really noble art, let nature speak alone. She may beguile us or she may wound, but hers is the only language of which the fascination is irresistible and the accent entirely persuasive.

We feel this only too strongly when we discover the two bronze busts which adorn the approach to the memorial church. It is Pascal and Racine

who have been stationed here, willy-nilly—to receive all sorts of people, including those whose visits would have bored them most deeply—and some whom they would have refused, perhaps even with horror, to receive at all. It does not so much matter about Racine, and one might even have set up the great Arnaud here:—but Pascal! . . . he surely would have waived the honor. And if the busts were but tolerable!—but they are insolently, ridiculously bad:—that of Pascal positively indecent in the utter absence of anything like a spiritual resemblance, and in that air of self-complacent fatuity, which the sculptors of to-day, working from such models as they have, seem bound to impart to every great man.

In the museum which is built upon the lines of a chapel, there are a number of portraits. The doctors are on one side, and the nuns upon the other. Above the door hangs Jansenius himself. The Bishop of Ypres looks knowing, alert, obstinate, narrow and cold. The forehead is high, the chin pointed and there is a certain suggestion of cunning. The face of M. de Saint-Cyran belongs to another type and time. It is forceful, violent, overbearing; the face of a man who wields the sword and the pen with equal ease. He looks a man of the League; capable of commanding an army and conducting a campaign; not so much a doctor of the church as a theologian in armor. He has a stiff gray beard and a ruddy complexion, the sanguine air of a man of action who is also a man of wrath. The great Arnaud fully justifies his name. His head is large and powerful,—a truly mighty cranium; the forehead both high and broad—a fortress of doctrine, a citadel of theological erudition. It is plainly Arnaud's mother, the foundress of the Abbey—who was the source of all this power—the base of this imposing structure. She is a

stout, almost rough-looking woman; muscular as a man; of sweetness and femininity not a touch! Her upper lip is hairy; her flesh firm, despite all her austerities. You divine the big, strong bones under their covering of fat. This is the mother of a family formidable alike by its numbers and its resources; and everything about her is resolute, solid, substantial, rational. When you see her and the great Arnaud side by side you know whereon the great establishment of the Jansenists was founded. And, on the other hand, when you see her grand-daughter you marvel that so clever and virile a race can have blossomed at last in that pale and fragile flower. The younger Angellique and M. Hamon make a fascinating pair, winsome and full of grace. The face of M. Hamon charms one like that of a high-bred maiden or a youthful prince. It is blonde and pale, with a delicate chin, a very small mouth, and an expression at once candid and tender. The power, as with Sister Angellique, is all in the eyes, where shines a soul, not robust, it may be, but illumined by the mystic love of things divine. A soul, strong indeed, but not for this life; capable of conflict but not of victory; yearning instead, for the rapture of utter vanquishment, or rather it were more just to say that the strength of this soul has been already spent in a supernatural struggle; the flesh is yielding to the spirit once imprisoned within it; the tenement is too fragile for the inhabitant.

But Pascal is not like any of these. He is a man with no ties. His living countenance was exceptionally ugly; his death-mask alone is comely, but both look strange, out of place, almost incongruous here. His idiosyncracies are very marked, and yet he is much more a man of his time than the other Port-Royalists. It is the mixture in him of strong individuality with a character so universal as to be almost

abstract which appeals to the imagination. And,—what is more surprising,—the two elements assist and supplement one another, yet never combine.

First of all, the outline of the features displays the sharp curve which we notice in so many of the men of that period. Both the forehead and the chin retreat abruptly from the centre of the visage, like the two branches of an hyperbole. In the general shape of his face, Pascal resembles both Descartes and Condé. It is the kind of eager face which reflects most vividly the spectacle of life, which nothing escapes, and yet which suggests more strongly than any other the gift of an ardent imagination. But if Pascal has something in his lineaments both of Descartes and of Condé, he has neither the violent aggressiveness of the latter, whose beaked profile is like that of a bird of prey; nor the defiant resistance of the former, who withdraws owl-like into the darkness, and has an air of having settled everything in his dim corner like a veritable bird of night. Between the language of Pascal's lips and that of his eyes, there is the strongest contradiction imaginable. In that face, more than in any other, two seemingly inconsistent expressions are curiously blended,—infinite sadness, with high disdain.

A portrait of Pascal by Philippe de Champagne is placed beside the death-mask, and there is no question that both are very like. Philippe de Champagne copies the features of his models with a rare fidelity. A Jansenist himself, accuracy of drawing was, with him, a matter of conscience, the practice of a virtue. But after all, there is no painter so faithful as death. He goes to the root of the matter, slurring nothing, laying bare the mystery, proclaiming the great secret hitherto unknown, and which would never have been disclosed but for him.

Indelible image! The living face of

Pascal had been a strange one, and his dead face is no less so. But the latter is beautiful. Pascal's place was never among the living, and the passion of a too fierce and unrelenting pursuit of death, distorted the countenance of the man. But the foe once found and faced, and known to be no longer terrible—and what a look of ineffable tranquillity and relief upon the countenance of the weary warrior! Was that all? There is even a touch of scorn!

I need no more than the look upon that face to tell me that Pascal died in Christ. Never before since the hour of his birth, can he have been so profoundly at rest. At God's command, he has taken the hand of death from the hand of Jesus, and given his own in return, placing the other, at the same time, along with his soul,—nay his entire being,—in that of his Lord. The life of Pascal had been a constant anticipation of this moment; dead, he informs us that it was welcome when it came, and that he is pacified and reassured forever. When his ennui in this world had become sublime in its intensity, the way opened suddenly to a place of sublime rest:—where hope and fear and scorn itself are alike dissolved in peace.

Pascal sounded many depths both in himself and in other men; but he knew the abysses of his own being best, and had explored them most thoroughly. That heavy, red, protruding lip took on its expression of disdain at the bidding of an almighty thought. No doubt the compulsion seemed a cruel one. He may even have endeavored to evade it. But who shall resist Pascal save Pascal himself? Whom shall Pascal fear, if not Pascal?

He had marked the precipices in his own being, and he feared them greatly, because he knew their depth. He knew also, very well, that other men would feel with him, could they but share his knowledge, but that they did not even

perceive, much less had they measured the gulfs within them. No man here knew mankind better than he, and no man ever had a greater terror of mankind. This is why Pascal clung so desperately to Jesus Christ.

But for Jesus Christ he himself and all things else must crumble under a crushing avalanche of contempt. Oh ye petty men who laugh and know nothing, your spiritual precipices as you see them are but the mistakes and miseries common to all. You fancy that you are crossing a shallow stream, all but fordable, where you need but to find the stepping-stones, or call a boat. You may be submerged and flung like carrion upon the shore, and yet feel no true dread of the water. Pascal is made of different stuff. He wakes, he opens his eyes, he sees himself adrift upon an immeasurable sea:—infinity above:—beneath and all about him, an infinity of evil, ignorance, horror and pain! Pascal is not as you—who try to sound the infinite with your foot,—who propose to ford the infinite! He knows on the contrary that man is a sentient being, lost in impenetrable darkness. What can he do but cry for help? If he were weak, like you, he would believe in his own strength. Being strong, he can measure his own weakness. Therefore he holds absolutely still, striving only to keep his head above the surface of the unfathomable deep, and stretching out his arms toward the only possible succor.

To ask whether Pascal ever doubted, is to doubt whether he ever lived. He who takes Jesus Christ from Pascal takes everything, and doubt is death for him. If one would live, one must take the ground that he is sure of what he believes, and never admit the suspicion that he does not believe. When doubt crosses the soul of Pascal, he dies:—like every other man, at his appointed hour. The cry that breaks from him is a death-cry. But again

and again, Jesus Christ comes out of his tomb and restores the dead to life. Without the consciousness of Christ within him, the life of Pascal would have been one long last agony. But to agonize is not to live; at least it was not so for Pascal.

"It was *our* agony upon which he dwelt," murmured M. de Sélpse to me, as he issued at last from the chapel where he had seemed unable to tear himself from the contemplation of the death-mask. "He foresaw the full extremity of its horror. It was reason which rendered him all his life long, so faithful to the memory of his father. The elder Pascal had brought up his child on food so strongly Christian that our Pascal had held a reserve on which to live in those times of dearth, when a famine of faith seemed imminent. He never knew more than one or two of these times. His only variations were between common charity and perfect charity. Men who have no appreciation of danger cannot understand the sacrifices which it exacts; but Pascal knew the danger too well to hesitate about doing his utmost to escape it. Moreover, I tell you this:—there are no half-truths; there is no such thing as a half-faith, save for mediocre souls. It is the mediocrity of men that makes the world go round. It would not continue to revolve for another hour, without the mean term of infinite commonness.

"It is these provisional arrangements which assure to man the possession of his little hour. The hour passes, they pass with it, and they ask no more. All they want is not to see it pass. Should they catch a glimpse of its going, they will do as the Breton peasants do when they see a cross upon a hillock, at a parting of the ways. They will take the other road.

"That mediocrity which preserves the world is one with the variety which is the salvation of men. For all men sub-

sist on variety. If they had not a thousand petty cares, they would have one only, and it would kill them. This is why they shun the great concern; or if not they, then the instinct, at once miserable and magnificent, which binds them to what they are. They desire to live, and that for no better reason than that they do desire it. Let us admire, herein, one of the master-strokes of nature:—that tyrant who can make his tyranny beloved and desired.

"Those who are not commonplace in any respect, neither in heart nor mind, soon find themselves between two gulfs:—that of the world's nothingness, and their own. Most great souls pause on the verge of one of these abysses and attempt to fill it up, by flinging the other into it. And, sooth to say, it is perhaps impossible to live at all without taking sides, heroically. Either you declare for the world against yourself or for yourself against the world. So only can you clear that frightful realm of vacancy, co-extensive with the mind,—which has more than three dimensions. Hence, grand adventures, like those of the saints, or of Tolstoi. But for all their immense force, they immolate themselves. They will at all hazards believe, either in God or in this world. And since the will to believe wholly is already the half of faith they soon come to the point of self-sacrifice.

"They take desperate resolves, now of the intellect, and now of the heart against itself, but always desperate, for in truth the utmost feat of either is to despair. I cannot understand that a man should be reduced, literally to himself, and not despair. And yet he cannot enter into himself until he has quitted the world. A place must therefore be found, at all hazards, wherein to fix the soul and the life. Tolstoi does not decry man's reason. He believes it to be naturally upright; he merely

scorns the abuse of it, and his is a reasonable gospel. But Pascal would reject that gospel on the self-same rational grounds upon which Tolstol relies. He would consider it absurd if not impious. Pascal is far more attached to his Ego, and it is ever the heart which he exalts, the reason which he humiliates. He was a distinguished mathematician, yet he attempted little in his own line. Truth, for him, and all true power, are to be judged by the heart, and in the heart also he sees an enemy.

"He is richer in the capacity for affection than other man, and it is this which alarms him. His great heart is the overflow of a great personality which Pascal would have dried up at its very source. Yes—this is indeed his ambition. Pascal feels himself to be proud, full of loves and hatreds; equal to all things; nay, even superior to all. Great as he was, he knew himself to be greater both for good and ill, than other men supposed. This is precisely why he fought so glorious a fight. 'If my heart were as poor as my intellect, I should be a happy man,' he wrote upon one occasion. But the riches of his heart were infinite. You had not thought so?" suddenly said M. de Séipse to me.

"I had not considered the matter," I replied: "Or rather I had never distinguished the greatness of Pascal's heart, from the general greatness of that unique nature."

"It was indeed unique! Yet no one realized it, save a few of his nearest relatives and M. de Sacy. One divines a certain degree of alarm blending with the astonishment of that astute theologian when Pascal first revealed to him Epictetus and Montaigne. M. de Sacy was fain to admit to M. Pascal that he found the latter's way of turning things rather startling. In this world, where most people are so poor in the capacity for affection, one can

hardly understand how it would feel to know oneself too rich in the same. The men who aspire to sanctification have usually only the flesh and the intellect to subdue. Asceticism suffices them; the reason once humbled in prayer, and the body reduced to its proper condition of servitude, they imagine that all is done. But sanctity of this description implies for Pascal only a precarious victory. He is greatest of all to my mind, in the necessity that was laid upon him to overcome his own heart and denude it of every comfort. But the world did not know this, and he hardly knew it himself.

"It is true nevertheless that for souls of the highest order, asceticism of the heart is the one thing needful. It is not so very difficult to mortify the flesh and humiliate the reason. If the reason be strong, the spirit noble enough, all that is very simple. They will be sufficiently disgusted by their own impotence to withhold from vanity the aliment it craves. But the larger the heart, the more agonizing will be its act of self-renunciation, and it must not be forgotten that to renounce self means to renounce all.

"I am persuaded that there are men for whom the touch of a hair-shirt upon the skin is a luxury; and others whose very pride in having originated a great thought, impels them to trample it under foot. They are almost ready to exalt, at its expense, the disorderly instincts of the brute. But the heart,—yearning to embrace the universe, eager even for the most exquisite pain of which it is capable—it is not so easy to lay that waste, and strip it wholly bare! The heart would shed the last drop of its blood, but would fain feel it flow. It is ready to be rent, if only it may have joy in the rending. It allows itself to be drained, but recoils from deliberately choking up its own springs. Aridity is its abhorrence. The step taken by Tolstol was as great

as the step taken by Pascal, but not so unusual, despite the difference in their eras. Tolstol never looked into so deep a gulf as did the other, nor did he return from so remote a point. Tolstol's conception of self-annihilation is but one whorl in the infinite spiral described by Pascal, and is far from attaining the same climax. The God of Tolstol is after all only a rational being, whose reasoning is prompted by the heart.

"The reason may be forced; may be bent to the service of the heart; while the heart goes into servitude of its own accord, and often does more than its part. At a given point, Pascal would still have his doubts, as the weak ones say. One step further, and Pascal doubts no longer. He denies.

"To a powerful will, doubt is impossible. Doubt is a proof of strength in the intellect only; it implies consummate weakness in the character. The truly strong man would rather err through defying doubt than do right doubtingly. He never toys with his reason. He either obeys it implicitly or crushes it completely. He plays the brute purposely, because he is too sick of playing the man, and he puts into the performance very likely all his pride, all his power. He takes vengeance on his intellect for the wrong done to his will."

Thus M. de Sélipse.

By this time, the day was declining, it was growing dark inside the chapel, and I had a strong desire to see once more that mysterious face, bearing so deep an impress of satiety, tranquillity and disdain. The palor of the plaster gives it a certain look of eternity. Every feature is fraught with weariness of the life that is done, blent with an entrancing actual repose:—a repose that can be disturbed no more forever,—because nothing within the man himself invites disquietude. There is a languid light upon it, like

that which plays over the surface of the deep, when the last wave-circle closes above the ship that has gone down. It seems to me that no one else has ever seen this mask as I see it. Its expression is no more to be described than the most evanescent and visionary aspect of sea or sky. Here, fixed to all eternity, is the last sigh of a lofty soul; the ennui of life arrested in death; unspeakable sadness, transfigured by death, into a passion.

The features of the living Pascal must have been excessively mobile; but the intellectual force, and the disdainful energy, ever active and uneasy while he drew the breath of life, are now still, and into the surging sea of that impassioned heart, death has cast a sure anchor. There is something very peculiar about the lowered eyelids which look as though they were about to lift, while their thickness appears extraordinary; the fact being that the wax which is always used to protect the eye-lashes from the plaster, seems in this case to form part of the lid itself, giving a very strange look to the mask. Over infinite weariness and calm disenchantment, a smile seems dawning, and the complete serenity of Pascal in death is unspeakably affecting to the spectator lulled in the arms of the Divine Will, and satisfied with the sweetness of salvation, it is as though he were ready to laugh now at his very scorn of life, and all the miseries which once tormented his invalid soul.

"What other Frenchman," resumed M. de Sélipse, "was ever quite equal to this one? He was greatest, because he summed up in himself the greatness of all the rest. He was at once poet, savant and saint:—man of vision, man of experience, man of thought. He has all sorts of capacities and he disdains them, because he feels that within him which lifts him above them all. In mental power he yields to none, but

he glories in humiliating that power. He is less conscious of what it can than of what it cannot do. He springs at once to its limits. He habitually begins where others end, simply because they pause prematurely. He has a greater contempt than he cares to confess for narrow and petty souls, but he does not stop there; he goes on to revel in disdain of the greatest. He despises the irrational no doubt, but merely by way of displaying a still deeper scorn of those who plume themselves on the exercise of their reason. He tests his powers by science, but he will have no adventitious aid even there, not even that of a method, and he spurns all spiritual mechanics as unworthy of himself. This is the secret of his resentment against Descartes. Over and above the fact that there is no place for a revealed God in his system of things, Descartes relies too much on the mere mechanism of thought. He does not even incite the *geometer* to prodigious feats of research as did the ancients. He leaves too little to the imagination. Pascal is like Archimedes—his own great geometrical hero; he would owe his discoveries to himself alone. He would brood over forms, and evolve, by his own unassisted logic, the law of their numerical relations. It was Pascal who first crossed the threshold of the infinite calculus, pursuing his own paths as a man of the ancient world might have done; spurning those plain and easy ways, where a Leibnitz may be met, or a Newton. And precisely what he did in geometry, he seems to me to have aspired to do in morals and all other things.

"No man was ever so enamored of difficult tasks. He will be a saint because he does not believe himself capable of sanctity, using all his powers, both fit and unfit, for that end. He measures his heart against the hardest undertakings; they allure his great

soul, it may be, precisely by reason of their difficulty.

"Short-cuts and formulas for the mind he despises no less than artificial aids to rectitude. Nothing seems to him worthy of a strong spirit which offers no test of its power. Nothing save the very costly is worth while to his fastidious taste. There is a sense in which neither the heart nor the mind can ever be satisfied with what is won. He who has once become enamored of perfection, has henceforth one sole desire, and one perpetually thwarted—that of attaining perfection. For that he pledges life, and nothing less. He cannot rest in what he has, but flings himself wholly into what he seeks. To the passionate heart, faith disenchanting with life far more than doubt; and this is why the impassioned entertain so few doubts. They naturally prefer their own sorrowful ardor to any tempered joy. A too facile morality is the death of morality—and therefore they hate it. There is no duty so easy but that its negation would almost always be easier yet. What is easy is natural; and nature is steeped in crime. What, crime? yes, and more. In easy crime.

"So then, there was nothing too hard for Pascal, because he aimed at no less than absolute truth—absolute perfection;—the one supreme Good;—that is to say, God. He loves, he desires God only; but he sees, at the same time, all nature in revolt against Him. And as for man,—man is the rebellious prince who has to lay down his arms and repent of his rebellion. Howbeit, the idea of rebellion is, in man, the beginning of conscience, if not the beginning of wisdom, for thereby he begins to loosen the knot of the Ego.

"If he had not had so many secret passions Pascal would never have subdued them all. But he had discovered them, and he gave them no rest. Himself alone knew how terrible

a rebel was the one he had to vanquish. He never thought the victory complete. He revelled in subjugating his nature, as Alexander the Great revelled in world-conquest. We all, according to our strength, find an increasing joy in the victories we win, however bitter and grievous they may be and though it is ourselves whom we defeat. For the sense of power is so dear to us that we would sooner exercise it against ourselves than not exercise it at all. It is a joy to fling our own strength into irons, and keep it bound. We are always conscious of it then; we feel the cruel fetters; we hear the sighs of pain.

"Nature in bonds is very often pleasing to him who detests free nature. It becomes beautiful in slavery, as man sometimes becomes beautiful in death. In all death there is the beauty of that which is finished. The lifeless visage even of a prostrate foe moves us to pity in the midst of our repulsion.

"Pascal regarded the passions as enemies who are never effectually beaten until they are actually slain. But they seem to have had a strange fascination for him, when he touched them with the scourge or the pincers, or turned them upon the hurdle where they lay bound.

"And so with his charity for men. He knew them too well to believe in their inborn goodness. Such faith is but a bait offered by the perversity of some to the perversity of others. He sees the twist in their nature which inclines them to evil, he sees their weakness and recoils. He pursues all men in his own person and shuts them up in the very lair of their sins.

"It will no more be the first impulse of a full and free spirit to succumb to the humiliation of its own sins than to admire them. It will be to *know* and recognize them for facts; without partiality if not without aversion. The moment they are assigned their true rank they are degraded. Evil is usual-

ly an effect of weakness; a usurpation of the worse over the better part of us; which may be feeble, but which nevertheless exists. The point of view from which all things are seen in their relative rank and true proportions is a divine point of view. In God's eyes, baseness itself has its place, at the feet of excellence, and a sort of right to be there. The reason why human judgments are so inadequate and even unjust is that men cannot see the good in evil, and the evil in good. There is more of wilful blindness in our conventional hypocrisies than we commonly suppose. Our view is limited, but we do not desire to extend its limits, and so our judgments are wrong."

The custodian closed the doors of the chapel behind us and we found the lilacs nodding with undiminished grace along the outer wall. The low light of dying day lent a new soul to the landscape. That pathetic voice, beloved of those who have been saddened by life, because by the very fact of imparting a touch of bitterness to every joy, it renders the soul itself less bitter, spoke louder than ever in the silence. We pursued our way among the ruins, which no longer produce even an effect of disorder.

"I lose heart," went on M. de Sélpse, "when I see death putting on a garment of freshness, and destruction aping life. Surely it would have been better to dig a pit and bury therein all the débris of Port-Royal—including the portraits and manuscripts of the recluses—than to erect a commemorative church. The very paths of death are carefully raked over in these days, for the convenience of promenaders, and gardeners will have the rubbish taken away. Think of the hideous luxury of our cemeteries! I love ruins abandoned to the insolence of nature. They neutralize one another. Pascal would have hated this posthumous pomp. Port-Royal should have been

allowed to return to dust in nature's way. For what are the remains of a great mind? It is ultimated in itself and in us. Extravagant monuments are all very well for kings, court-poets and pensioned philosophers; for horses appointed consuls by Caligula,—not to mention men of letters. But there are men to whom this kind of display is repugnant—for whom all graves are

too small. The grave is a disgrace to what it pretends to hold. It glorifies only what it actually holds, and that is nothing.

"The mould and the worm, say I! And not even these, after a brief period—when the glass-blade has withered upon the barrow for the hundredth time!"

A. Suarès.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

(To be concluded.)

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

Woods russet red—
Full fruited orchards and the golden haze,
That round the edges of the short'ning days;
And fresher grows the sultry air at night,
And sharper gleam the starry spears of light
In the blue vault o'erhead—
The year has pass'd its noon, and Summer's sped.

Green glades are crossed
With fairy gossamers, dew-drench'd and fine,
And in the hedgerows berried jewels shine—
Deep purpling sloes, and scarlet of the brier,
While the great beeches flame to sudden fire
At the first touch of frost—
An added glow for every glory lost.

No songsters fill
The air with music; in gay companies
Feather'd explorers hurry towards the seas:
The falling leaves in elfin dances fly,
And fragrant pine-cones drop in hollows dry;
But yet on moor and hill
The heather wears its royal vesture still.

Autumn is here—
A sun-brown'd reaper—strong of arm and fleet,
The ripen'd corn in sheaves about his feet;
The last flower Summer left is on his breast:
"Be still, O patient Earth," he cries, "and rest—
Sleep through dark days and drear
Till Spring shall whisper in thy dreaming ear!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

Christian Burke.

FEASTS IN FICTION.

We have lately heard from a self-satisfied critic that Thackeray is not readable, in spite of which there are a good many people who continue to read him. No doubt this extraordinary doctrine is only to be looked upon as one of the not infrequent signs of the changeable breezes which are always ruffling the surface of the literary pond. Our grandfathers laughed over that inexpressibly dreary "Life in London," which now is bought solely, one imagines, for the sake of Cruikshank's illustrations to the once popular adventures of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. Miss Catherine Morland was enraptured by the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, which it is highly probable that her granddaughter—if the Tilney family be not yet extinct—has never opened. Times change, and manners with them; but even in literature there are some fields which, one would imagine, can never be empty of wanderers. One of these I propose to explore, though quite without the intention of posing as a discoverer. The field has long been haunted by imaginative writers in prose and verse, although it seems to have been unduly neglected by the critics. This is an age of anthologists, yet no one seems to have hit upon the idea of collecting the repasts given by our poets and novelists into a new "Almanach des Gourmands." Thackeray indicates the attractiveness of such an anthology when he says: "Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them." There is plenty of scope for this amusement. As Miss Nicky observed that "there was a great deal of good eating and drinking in seven hundred a year," so we may remind ourselves that there are many de-

lightful feasts in fiction. The only wonder is that the anthologist has not been over the ground already. One or two hints may be given for repairing his omission.

Among modern authors, there can be no question that the pre-eminence in this, as in most other branches of fiction, must be assigned to Thackeray. The author of "The Fitz-Boodle Papers" is easily first when we take a poll of readers for the office of the high priest of literary gastronomy. No feast in fiction clings to the memory so closely as that lightly sketched occasion when Lord Steyne dined with the King, and they had neck of mutton and turnips. In spite of the critic who was mentioned at the outset, it is safe to assume that the average reader would not be grateful for too many quotations from the writings of Thackeray, who is not as yet a recondite author. His "Memorials of Gormandizing," his "Dinner in the City," and his various other papers on the joys of good eating and drinking, are still, thank Heaven! familiar to every schoolboy. Two feasts of his, however, are perhaps sufficiently fresh to be here quoted. One of these is the spunging-house dinner in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond." The present generation has only the vaguest notions as to what a spunging-house is, based mainly upon recollections of Aminadab's and Coavins's. But it was an institution of considerable importance in its day, and Sam Titmarsh found that a gentleman could live there well, as (according to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) he could in a palace. "There were five guests, and three silver tureens of soup: viz., mock-turtle soup, ox-tail soup, and gibleet soup. Next came a great piece of sal-

mon, also on a silver dish, a roast goose, a roast saddle of mutton, roast game, and all sorts of adjuncts." This was a rather lugubrious meal, however, and one readily turns from its splendor to the sweet simplicity of the *ménù* which Major Gahagan offered to his besieged friends in Futtighur. "Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?" asked the gallant Irishman. "And do you like hot rowls or cowl'd—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some elegant divvied-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?" It was a sad comedown for the beleaguered garrison when they had to recognize that this attractive bill of fare only existed in their commander's brain, more fertile than the hens which he did not possess, for the wily foe had commandeered them all. As a rule Irishmen are not such good men of their hands at breakfast time as Major Gahagan's imagination proves him to have been; their tendencies are rather to something to the nature of what Vivian Grey called a "shoeing-horn." Charles Lever assures us that the morning meal dearest of all to the Irish heart consisted in his day of pistols for two and coffee for one. Nowadays a wit has said that the Irishman prefers to begin his day, when it is possible, with "devilled landlord on toast."

It has always been recognized that the land of breakfast in *excelsis* is "puir auld Scotland." A fine example is to be found in the rather neglected pages of Miss Ferrier. One does not, of course, refer to the old cheese and herrings which nearly made Lady Jullana faint when she first encountered their gales at the simple board of Glenfern Castle, but to the amorous catalogue of Dr. Redgill. That worthy physician admitted that Scotland in

general was but "a perfect mass of rubbish," and the cookery not fit for dogs:—

"But the breakfasts! That's what redeems the land—and every country has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyleshire you have the Lochfine her-ring—fat, luscious and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness—melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the Finnan haddo', with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing—just salt enough to be *piquant*, without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the Tay salmon, kippered, crisp and juicy—a very magnificent morsel—a *leettle* heavy, but that's easily counteracted by a teaspoonful of the Athole whiskey. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country, made into hams of a most delicious flavor; flour scones, soft and white; oat-cake, thin and crisp; marmalade and jams of every description; and—"

Here the learned disquisition was unfortunately interrupted. But enough has been said to convince the untravelled of the truth of Henry Kingsley's proposition, "My brother, let us breakfast in Scotland, lunch in Australla, and dine in France, till our lives end." That, alas! is at present an achievement somewhat difficult of accomplishment; we were taught in our youth that the frigate bird had the speed to do it, but it lacks the palate, and, for that matter, the purse. If we are to believe Mr. Wells, the time will come when man can do it, if he still cares to. When the Sleeper wakes, it will be possible to send for cigars from Tasmania during dinner in order to smoke them after dessert; and if cigars, why cannot lunch, or the luncher himself, travel by the same road? The only drawback to the coming of that glorious time is that Mr. Wells, like so many prophets, takes away

with one hand what he gives with the other; he assures us that in the twenty-first century man will subsist entirely upon jellies, of beautiful hues and meaty flavors. Possibly this magazine will survive to show the praiser of the past what his palate has lost. To that end, one may here add Geoffrey Hamlyn's account of the ideal Australian lunch:—

"Here, in the dark cool parlor, stands a banquet for the gods, white damask, pretty bright china, and clean silver. In the corner of the table is a frosted claret-jug, standing, with freezing politeness, upright, his hand on his hip, waiting to be poured out. In the centre, the grandfather of water-melons, half hidden by peaches and pomegranates, the whole heaped over by a confusion of ruby cherries. . . . Are you hungry, though? If so, here is a mould of potted head and a cold wild duck, while on the sideboard I see a bottle of pale ale."

One may as well make out the day, as suggested by Kingsley, with a French dinner. Here there is an embarrassment of choice. Perhaps the one which clings most closely to the reader's memory is that described by Thackeray in one of his charming essays: though how far this may be defined as a "feast in fiction" is a question for the casuist. The piece is, one fears, less known in these degenerate days than it deserves, and a quotation may be pardoned even by those persons of a right turn of mind who know their Thackeray. The dinner in question was eaten at the Café Foy—for whose locality the modern tourist will consult his Baedeker in vain. The account of this dinner is too long to quote in full, but one cannot refrain from extracting the bill of fare and the description of the beefsteak: "We had

Potage julienne, with a little *purée* in it.
Two *entrecôtes aux épinards*.

One *perdreau truffé*.

One *fromage roquefort*.

A bottle of Nuits with the beef.

A bottle of Sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards; but that is neither here nor there. . . . After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever eat in my life. By the shade of Hellogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G— and I had quarelled about the soup . . . ; but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak, our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth—no two lovers billing in the shade—no mother clasping her baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again."

One can quite imagine that a couple of centuries hence, painful students—German for choice—will be writing learned articles to prove that Thackeray was a confirmed dyspeptic, who never tasted meat in his life, just as they already put down Carlyle as a beef-fed islander. But at present we are inclined to add to his better-known titles to fame that of the Laureate of

the Palate. It is curious to turn from Thackeray to his fervent admirer, Charlotte Brontë, and to see what she has to say on the subject. We know that the fiery little novelist was a good deal scandalized by her hero's devotion to the pleasures of the table, though the "Oh! Mr. Thackeray! don't!" with which she greeted his request for yet another help of some particularly attractive dish, is perhaps apocryphal. Yet her own characters made no bones of a good meal upon occasion. There is a very appetizing school-girlish picnic in "Villette," including such vanities as "a huge basket of rolls" and fresh butter, coffee and chocolate, cream and new-laid eggs, though the thrifty soul of the governess refused to allow the melodious addition of ham and jam. In "The Professor" we are asked to prefer the rather spoony hero's tea and cold beef to Mr. Hunsden's "bunch of grapes and half a pint of something sour," as Rheinwein is disrespectfully called. But it is in "Shirley" that the little Yorkshire-woman gives us the best chance of seeing whether the hospitable traditions of her native county had left any trace on her mind. Truth to tell, her meals are far from magnificent. As good as any is the curate's dinner:—

"The curates had good appetites, and though the beef was 'tough,' they ate a great deal of it. They swallowed, too, a tolerable allowance of the 'flat beer,' while a dish of Yorkshire pudding, and two tureens of vegetables, disappeared like leaves before locusts. The cheese, too, received distinguished marks of their attention; and a 'spice cake,' which followed by way of dessert, vanished like a vision, and was no more found."

As a contrast to this plain living, we recall the same writer's description of a dinner in the Belgian fashion, such as the traveller who is inclined for experiment, or whose lean purse forces

him to adhere to the culinary customs of the country in which he finds himself, may eat to-day in the by-streets of Ghent or Bruges:—

"The soup was a sort of *purée* of dried peas, which Mademoiselle had prepared amidst bitter lamentations that in this desolate country of England no haricot beans were to be had. Then came a dish of meat—nature unknown, but supposed to be miscellaneous—singularly chopped up with crumbs of bread, seasoned uniquely though not unpleasantly, and baked in a mould, a queer but by no means unpalatable dish. Greens, oddly bruised, formed the accompanying vegetable; and a *pâté* of fruit, conserved after a receipt devised by Madame Gérard Moore's *grand'mère*, and from the taste of which it appeared probable that *mélasse* had been substituted for sugar, completed the dinner."

The meal which is most characteristic of Yorkshire, as every schoolboy knows, is the high tea. Even this is considerably shorn of its glories in the ascetic pages of Miss Brontë. The example that one remembers best is also to be found in "Shirley":—

"Yorkshire people, in those days, took their tea round the table; sitting well into it, with their knees duly introduced under the mahogany. It was essential to have a multitude of plates of bread and butter, varied in sorts and plentiful in quantity; it was thought proper, too, that on the centre plate should stand a glass dish of marmalade; among the viands was expected to be found a small assortment of cheesecakes and tarts; if there was also a plate of thin slices of pink ham garnished with green parsley, so much the better."

For a really adequate description of the kind of tea known to the Yorkshireman as satisfactory, it seems to be necessary to cross the Atlantic. There is a lot of good eating, as should

be expected, in the works of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and the tea which the plump widow gave in vain to the wealthy widower Dudley Venner at once thrusts itself on the anxious mind. She it was who provided occasion for the framing of the well-known aphorisms, "Cream is thicker than water," and "Large heart never loved little cream-pot." Still more sumptuous was the feast at Colonel Sprowle's, with those rare luxuries, shell-oysters, and its magnificent assortment of cakes:—

"There were great cakes and little cakes, cakes with raisins in them, cakes with currants, and cakes without either; there were brown cakes and yellow cakes, frosted cakes, glazed cakes, hearts and rounds and *jumbles*, which playful youth slip over the finger before spoiling their annular outline. There were mounds of *blo'monje*, of the arrowroot variety—that being undistinguishable from such as is made with Russia isinglass. There were jellies, which had been shaking all the time the young folks were dancing in the next room as if they were balancing to partners. There were built-up fabric, called Charlottes, caky externally, pulpy within; there were also *marangs*, and likewise custards—some of the indolent-fluid sort, others firm, in which every stroke of the teaspoon left a smooth conchoidal surface like the fracture of chalcedony, with here and there a little eye like what one sees in cheeses. Nor was that most wonderful object of domestic art called *trifle* wanting, with its charming confusion of cream and cake, and almonds and jam and jelly, and wine and cinnamon and froth; nor yet the marvellous *floating-island*, name suggestive of all that is romantic in the imaginations of youthful palates."

We may turn for the further prosecution of this line of research to an author of a very different stamp,

Thomas Love Peacock, who has twice been reprinted of late years, but is still suspected of being caviare to the general. The old-fashioned English breakfast is especially well represented in Peacock's pages, which are thickly dotted with side-tables served by silent butlers, and stocked with "all the apparatus of tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, cream, eggs, rolls, toast, muffins, bread, butter, potted beef, cold fowl and partridge, ham, tongue and anchovy." Indeed, the *locus classicus* upon the great breakfast question is to be found, one may safely say, in the following extract from "Crotchet Castle:—

"*The Rev. Dr. Folliott*: You are a man of taste, Mr. Crotchet. A man of taste is seen at once in the array of his breakfast-table. It is the foot of Hercules, the far-shining face of the great work, according to Pindar's doctrine: ἀρχομένου ἔργον πρόσωπον χρὴ θίμειν τηλαυγίς. The breakfast is the πρόσωπον of the great work of the day. Chocolate, coffee, tea, cream, eggs, ham, tongue, cold fowl, all these are good, and bespeak good knowledge in him who sets them forth; but the touchstone is fish; anchovy is the first step; prawns and shrimps the second; and I laud him who reaches to these; potted char and lampreys are the third, and a fine stretch of progression; but lobster is, indeed, matter for a May morning, and demands a rare combination of knowledge and virtue in him who sets it forth.

"*Mr. MacQuedy*: Well, sir, and what say you to a fine fresh trout, hot and dry, in a napkin? or a herring out of the water into the frying-pan, on the shore of Loch Fyne?

"*The Rev. Dr. Folliott*: Sir, I say every nation has some eximious virtue; and your country is pre-eminent in the glory of fish for breakfast."

It is well known that Peacock was the father-in-law of Mr. George Meredith, and it is not difficult to detect as

close a connection between Dr. Folliott and Dr. Middleton in "The Egoist," with his favorite subject of "an aged and a great wine." The account of the dinner in the fourth chapter of "Crotchet Castle" is too long to quote in proof of this statement; it should be sufficient to recall one or two of the reverend gentleman's *obiter dicta* in the course of that pleasant meal. He tells us that "a glass of wine after soup is, as the French say, the *verre de santé*. The current of opinion sets," he adds, "in favor of Hock; but I am for Madeira; I do not fancy Hock until I have laid a substratum of Madeira." Champagne, he assures us, must be drunk while it sparkles: "I hold it a heresy to let it deaden in my hand while the glass of my compotator is being filled on the opposite side of the table." He quotes Athenæus citing Menander on the subject of fish sauce, and puts down the Scotch gentleman who thinks it impossible to go beyond lobster sauce: "In their line, I grant you, oyster and lobster sauce are the pillars of Hercules. But I speak of the cruet sauces, where the quintessence of the sapid is condensed in a phial." It is really amazing that no enterprising manufacturer of sauces has (so far as one knows) yet placarded London with this entrancing definition of his wares. But it must not be thought that Peacock's only feasts are those at which Dr. Folliott was present. There is a fine supper in "Headlong Hall," at which "the centre of the largest table was decorated with a model of Snowdon, surmounted with an enormous artificial leek, the leaves of angelica, and the bulb of *blanc-mange*. A little way from the summit was a tarn, or mountain-pool, supplied through concealed tubes with an inexhaustible flow of milk-punch, which, dashing in cascades down the miniature rocks, fell into the more capacious lake below, washing the mimic foun-

dations of Headlong Hall." And one cannot but regret that the lapse of time has made it impossible to call upon Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and be welcomed with "a cold turkey and ham, a capacious jug of 'incomparable ale,' and a bottle of his London Particular."

There could, perhaps, scarcely be a greater literary contrast to Peacock than A. H. Clough, from whom one may take a dinner for a change. The poet himself seems to have felt that the feast which is now to be described did not "set his genius," in the metaphor of Alan Breck Stuart, for he omitted it from the later editions of "Dipsychus," and it may in consequence be new to a good many modern readers:—

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more
minutes past,

And he who came first had to wait for
the last.

The oysters ere this had been in and
been out;

While I have been sitting and thinking
about

How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!

How pleasant it is to have money!

A clear soup with eggs; *rollà tout*; of
the fish

The *flets de sole* are a moderate dish
A *la Orly*, but you're for red mullet, you
say

By the gods of good fare, who can
question to-day

How pleasant it is, &c.

After oysters, Sauterne; then Sherry;
Champagne;

Ere one bottle goes, comes another
again;

Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling
above,

And tell to our ears in the sounds that
we love

How pleasant it is, &c.

I've the simplest of tastes; absurd it
may be,

But I almost could dine on a *poulet au
riz*,

Fish and soup and omelette, and that—
but the deuce—
There were to be woodcocks, and not
charlotte russe!
So pleasant it is, &c.

Your Chablis is acid, away with the
Hock,
Give me the pure juice of the purple
Médoc;
St. Peray is exquisite; but, if you
please,
Some Burgundy first before tasting the
cheese.
So pleasant it is, &c.

As for that, pass the bottle, and hang
the expense—
I've seen it observed by a writer of
sense
That the laboring classes could scarce
live a day
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and
pay.
So useful it is, &c.

One ought to be grateful, I quite appre-
hend,
Having dinner and supper and plenty
to spend.
And so suppose now, while the things
go away,
By way of a grace we all stand up and
say
How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money!

To this highly civilized and French-
ified repast there is a strong contrast
in the very English feast of Dickens.
In "Pickwick" and its followers, in-
deed, there is decidedly less eating than
drinking. At any rate, the emphasis
is laid on the latter. Mr. Weller was
good enough, for instance, to give us a
detailed account of the lunch which
Mr. Wardle provided for his shooting
party of the First: veal pie, "very good
thing . . . when you know the lady
as made it, and is quite sure it an't
kittens;" tongue, bread, "knuckle o'
ham, reg'lar picter—cold beef in slices,
very good." But what every one re-
members of that lunch is the cold punch

and the predicament into which it led
poor Mr. Pickwick, just as on the trip
to Birmingham it is Bob Sawyer's
milk-punch and not his sandwich
which clings to the memory. There
is a rather good stew in "The Old
Curiosity Shop," though some of its in-
gredients would not have passed mus-
ter with Mr. Lumpkin's acquaintances
at the "Three Pigeons." But Mr. Cod-
lin did not trouble himself as to
whether tripe was "low," when the
landlord of the "Jolly Sandboys" an-
nounced his bill of fare:—

"It's a stew of tripe," said the land-
lord smacking his lips, 'and cowheel,'
smacking them again, 'and bacon,'
smacking them once more, 'and steak,'
smacking them for the fourth time,
'and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes,
and sparrow-grass, all working up to-
gether in one delicious gravy.' Having
come to the climax, he smacked his
lips a great many times, and, taking a
long hearty sniff of the fragrance that
was hovering about, put on the cover
again with the air of one whose tolls
on earth were over."

In "David Copperfield" there are
some feasts that are pleasant to re-
call, though they were certainly not
elaborate. There is the first dinner
which that amiable youth gave to his
friends, including the slab of mock-
turtle which should have sufficed for
fifteen, but proved "rather a tight fit
for four," under Mrs. Crupp's influ-
ence. The rest of the dinner came
from that pastrycook who (as we know
from Thackeray) bulked so largely in
British dinner-giving circles of the
early Victorian period. "A pair of hot
roast fowls—from the pastrycook's; a
dish of stewed beef, with vegetables—
from the pastrycook's; two little corner
things, as a raised pie and a dish of
kidneys—from the pastrycook's; a tart,
and (if I liked) a shape of jelly—from
the pastrycook's." There were also to
be oysters, and Mrs. Crupp was left

"to concentrate her mind on the potatoes, and to serve up the cheese and celery as she could wish to see it done." One of the most appetizing of all Dickens's feasts is that other dinner which young Copperfield gave to Traddles and the Micawbers, when the leg of mutton turned out raw and the guests had to unite their forces in the production of a devil.

It is somewhat of a shock to turn from Charles Dickens's innocent delight in good living to the scorn which such a novelist as Fanny Burney had for it. When she condescends to mention a meal at all, it is not for any pleasure that she allows her readers to take in the feast, but for some ironical purpose. For instance, the only dinner to which I remember going in the amiable company of Miss Evelina Anville is that remarkable one at the Branghtons—I trust that it is not necessary to explain to the modern reader what a Branghton is:—

"The dinner was ill served, ill cooked, and ill managed. The maid who waited had so often to go downstairs for something that was forgotten, that the Branghtons were perpetually obliged to rise from table themselves to get plates, knives and forks, bread or beer. Had they been without *pretensions*, all this would have seemed of no consequence; but they aimed at appearing to advantage, and even fancied they succeeded. However, the most disagreeable part of our fare was that the whole family continually disputed whose turn it was to rise, and whose to be allowed to sit still."

In "Cecilia" the only approach to a feast is that recounted by Mr. Briggs, whose idea of a good square meal was "a breast of mutton, a lobster, and two crabs," and who was highly indignant when he was invited to share a more pretentious banquet:—

"Went without my dinner, and got nothing to eat; all glass and show;

victuals painted all manner of colors; lighted up like a pastrycook on Twelfth-day; wanted something solid, and got a great lump of sweetmeat; found it as cold as a stone, all froze in my mouth like ice; made me jump again, and brought the tears in my eyes; forced to spit it out; believe it was nothing but a snowball, just set up for show, and covered over with a little sugar."

The lady novelist cannot after all be expected to swell such an anthology as one has suggested. Even the incomparable Miss Austen is scarcely sound on this head, and puts us off with such trifling events as strawberry picnics and country tea-parties. There is the making of a pretty little feast, it is true, in the opening chapters of "Emma," if old Mr. Woodhouse would allow us to eat it at leisure. "He loved to have the cloth laid, because it had been the fashion of his youth, but his conviction of suppers being very unwholesome made him rather sorry to see anything put on it; and, while his hospitality would have welcomed his visitors to everything, his care for their health made him grieve that they would eat." Poor old Mrs. Bates's disappointment on such an occasion deserves to be recalled:—

"I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane"—it is the immortal Miss Bates who is speaking—"there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits, excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now there is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus—so she was rather disappointed."

So far I have only touched the fringe of this great subject, which considerations of space forbid to be now further

investigated. But, in conclusion, let me suggest a practical way in which such as care to push this branch of literary inquiry further may turn their researches to account. The modern dinner-giver racks his brains for a novelty, being thus led to such monstrous innovations as that of the progressive dinner, in which each course has to be consumed in a different restaurant. Why should he not take to giving literary dinners and lunches, each of which should reproduce an actual meal from his favorite author? It is unnecessary to point out how the very *ménus* of such feasts would assist conversation. Two or three specimens may be appended as guides. Here is, for instance, a Stevenson lunch for two:—

"The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Béarnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The Doctor drank half a bottle *plus* one glass, the wife half a bottle *minus* the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Côte-Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for Madame, for the Doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion."

This light and agreeable meal might appropriately be followed by a Thackeray dinner, such as that recorded by Mr. Yellowplush, which consisted of: "White soup, turbit, and lobster sos; saddil of Scotch muttn, grouse, and M'Arony; wines, shampang, hock, madeira, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit." One does not know that the receipt for Mr. Deuceace's pills, which were thereafter put into requisition, has been preserved; but it is to be hoped that they would not be so urgently needed in these temperate days as they were by "Mr. Dawkinses The Cornhill Magazine.

genlman." It would be wrong to conclude any general survey of the field of fiction without introducing the greatest names of all; so here is a Balzac *déjeuner*: "They consumed six dozen Ostend oysters, half a dozen cutlets *à la soubise*, a chicken *à la Marengo*, a lobster mayonnaise, mushrooms on toast, and green peas, to say nothing of *hors d'œuvre*, washed down with three bottles of Bordeaux, three of champagne, several cups of coffee and liqueurs." And here are two Fielding dinners, of which the first is easier of imitation than the second. Any one can copy Squire Western in bespeaking "a shoulder of mutton roasted, and a spare rib of pork, and a fowl and egg sauce." But it is not so easy to duplicate the following order:—

"There were two things of which her husband was particularly fond. . . . These were a fowl and egg sauce and mutton broth; both which Amella immediately purchased. As soon as the clock struck seven the good creature went down into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents of cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was of every economical office from the highest to the lowest; and, as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room itself shine brighter than Amella. And, if I may speak a bold truth, I question whether it be possible to view this fine creature in a more amiable light than while she was dressing her husband's supper, with her little children playing round her."

Perhaps Mr. Booth's supper would not commend itself to the refined modern palate, any more than Fielding hints that it pleased the dandies of his own day. But it would be a trifling sacrifice to eat as simple a meal every night in the year, if there were always an Amella ready to cook it.

W. E. Garrett Fisher.

ECCENTRIC TESTATORS.

In one respect a rich man might well envy a pauper, and that is in the absence of responsibility which the latter must enjoy when his time comes to join the majority; he has nothing to bequeath to others. The making of a will is a very serious undertaking, for the right or wrong fulfilment of the duty may work much good or much mischief after the testator has gone to the dust from which he sprang. It is much to the credit of human nature that most wills, so far as we can judge from the contents of those published in the newspapers, are drawn with care and foresight. It is an unusual thing to find one which is absolutely unjust or resentful in character, just as it is happily exceptional to meet with a human being in civilized society who exhibits so very disagreeable traits. Such exceptions naturally attract attention, together with such wills as exhibit other peculiarities of temperament on the part of the testators. For obvious reasons it would be improper to remark upon testamentary documents of recent date; but there can be no possible objection to reviewing some of the peculiarities of wills which were proved more than a century ago.

Although most of us would regard the making of a will as a very solemn act, there have been frivolous individuals who have treated the matter with such light-heartedness that they have actually written the document in rhyme. We should perhaps regard this as evidence of a sunny nature, rather than attribute it to any want of reverence or decorum. At least, so we should be inclined to regard the following poetical effort of one John Hedges, who died at Finchley, near London, more than one hundred and fifty years ago:

This fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
To hip not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And of all I am to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
I think, to my brother;
But because I foresaw
That my brothers-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for a share,
Which I no ways intended
Till their manners were mended—
And of that, God knows, there's no
sign;

I therefore enjoin,
And strictly command,
As witness my hand,
That nought I have got
Be brought to hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother,

John Hedges.

Another poetical will is that of W. Jackett, who lived in Islington when that now thickly populated parish of London was a village separated from the Metropolis by many acres of smiling meadow-land. It may perhaps be noted here, by those who are under the impression that a will is of necessity bound to be full of legal subtleties and repetitions, that both wills were proved and remained unchallenged. Mr. Jackett's will runs thus:

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters most dear
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,

Which God's goodness has granted me here.

And that no one may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least law racket;
With a solemn appeal
I confirm, sign, and seal.
This the true act and deed of

Will. Jackett.

It is a less pleasant task to quote wills which seem to have been dictated by vindictiveness and malice; unfortunately there are many such on record. It is universally held that to strike a man when he is down and powerless is the height of cruelty and cowardice; surely it is equally reprehensible for a man to hound another through a posthumous document, such as a will, when the writer will obviously be beyond reach of retaliation. Some of these vindictive wills, we are sorry to say, aim at the widow of the testator, who takes this method of revenge on the defenceless woman whom he has vowed to cherish and protect. "I give unto my wife, Mary Darley," says one affectionate spouse, "for picking my pockets of sixty guineas, . . . the sum of one shilling."

Even one who was called a "nobleman" was not ashamed to carry on a contentious warfare with his helpmate beyond the grave, for we find in 1710 the Earl of Stafford bequeathing "to the worst of women, who is guilty of all ills, the daughter of Mr. Gramont, a Frenchman, whom I have unfortunately married, five-and-forty brass halfpence, which will buy her a pullet for her supper—a greater sum than her father can often make her; for I have known when he had neither money nor credit for such a purpose, he being the worst of men and his wife the worst of women. Had I known their character I had never married their daughter, nor made myself unhappy."

Another gentleman who wished his unfortunate partner in life to feel the

weight of his dead hand was Charles Parker, a London bookseller. "I give and bequeath to Elizabeth Parker"—so runs the will—"the sum of fifty pounds, whom, through my foolish fondness, I made my wife, without regard to family, fame, or fortune, and who in return has not spared, most unjustly, to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature, save highway robbery."

Stephen Swain did not aim his parting shot at his wife—perhaps he had none—but he vented his spleen on certain married acquaintances thus: "I give to John Abbott and Mary his wife the sum of sixpence each, to buy for each of them a halter, for fear the sheriff's should not be provided."

The above is a neat way of telling one's friends to "go and be hanged," and compares favorably with the labored effusion which follows—an extract from the will of one J. A. Stow: "I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, if the same can be bought for that money; and that they do, in memory of me, present it to Edward Bearcroft, Esq., a King's Counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating on it, and by a comparison between that and his own virtue be able to form a certain judgment, which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship and almost parental regard or ingratitude and insolence. This I direct to be presented to him in lieu of a legacy of three thousand pounds I had by a former will, now revoked and burnt, left him."

Mr. David Davis, of Clapham, had also a neat way of firing a parting salute, as will be gleaned from the following extract from his last will and testament: "I give and bequeath to

Mary Davis, daughter of Peter Delaport, the sum of five shillings, which is sufficient for her to get drunk with for the last time at my expense."

Whatever poor Mary Davis's feelings might have been, the next victim to a remorseless will—one Daniel Church—seems only to have himself to thank for being cut off with the proverbial shilling. He had apparently been guilty of an act of petty larceny, which his father punished in that way. The will says: "I give and devise to my son Daniel Church only one shilling; and that is for him to hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he steals."

Joseph Dalky takes the opportunity afforded by his will of insulting his son-in-law in terms which doubtless had a pungency once, but which are hardly comprehensible to the modern reader: "I give to my daughter Ann Spencer a guinea for a ring or any other bauble she may like better; I give to the lout her husband one penny to buy him a lark whistle . . . and this legacy I give him as a mark of my appreciation of his prowess and nice honor in drawing his sword on me (at my own table), naked and unarmed as I was, and he well fortified with custard."

A gruesome legacy is that of Philip Thicknesse: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son; and I desire it may be sent to him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father, who once affectionately loved him."

Another father seems apparently to have begun his will with the determination of punishing an unruly son; but, as the fairy stories say, all ends happily. We refer to the will of Richard Crawshay, the founder of the famous Welsh ironworks. It runs thus: "To my only son, who never

would follow my advice, and has treated me rudely in very many instances; instead of making him my executor and residuary legatee (as till this day he was), I give him one hundred thousand pounds."

Some testators exhibit a curious interest in the disposal of their earthly remains, and those of limited means will often saddle their surviving relatives with the great cost of removal and burial in some distant place or foreign country. Here is a will in which the writer is most particular in the way his dead body should be adorned. It is an extract from the will of George Appleby: "My body—after being dressed in flannel waistcoats instead of a shirt, an old surtout coat and breeches, without lining or pockets, an old pair of stockings (shoes I shall want none, having done with walking), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, I desire—may be buried in as plain a manner as possible, wherever my widow shall think proper."

Here again is a curious extract from the will of one Edward Molyneux, who at the beginning of this century was a wax and tallow chandler of Mayfair, London: "I am sometimes accustomed to carry bank-notes in the fob of my breeches. Please to search the said breeches to see if there are any."

One John Baskerville, of Birmingham, made an express condition as to the disposal of his body, as follows: "My further will and pleasure is, and I hereby declare, that the devise of all my goods and chattels, as above, is upon the express condition that my wife, in concert with my executors, do cause my body to be buried in a conical building, in my own premises, heretofore used as a mill, which I have lately raised higher, and painted, and in a vault which I have prepared for it. This doubtless may appear a whim; perhaps it is so; but it is a whim for many years resolved on, as I have a

hearty contempt for all superstition," &c.

Dr. William Dunlop, one of the pioneers of the Canada Company, made this very characteristic and amusing will:

"In the name of God: Amen.

"I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the township of Colborne, district of Huron, Western Canada, being in sound health of body, and my mind just as usual (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times), do make this my last will and testament, as follows:

"I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other lands and property I may die possessed of, to my sisters Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop; the former because she is married to a minister who (God help him!) she henpecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she like to be, for she is an old maid, and not marketrife. . . . I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege. However, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him; he can only make temperance horn-spoons of that. I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Bethla Hamilton, of Woodhall; and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter she will be another gulse Christian than she is. I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him. I leave my brother Alan my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag-belly and a jolly face. I leave Parson Chevasse (Magg's husband) the snuff-box I got

from the Sarnia Militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken. I leave John Caddie a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a Jungley Wallah [bushman] that he may learn to read with them. I give my silver cup with a sovereign in it, to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore will necessarily take to horning. And also my granma's snuff-mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff."

This will was duly signed, and an important codicil afterwards added, but in deference to a friend who doubted its validity he took advice on the subject. The friend who examined it pronounced it eccentric, but not on that account illegal or informal. However, his widow was often in the law-courts afterwards, her motto being "We'l fecht it oot!"

Of a far more amiable, although often silly, kind are the wills which affect pet animals. We all know that affection for cats, dogs and birds is often carried to an absurd pitch, and that people will sometimes lavish upon their furry or feathered friends luxuries which they would under no circumstances give to their human acquaintances or relations. A Mrs. Hannah White, in 1798, left twenty-five pounds per annum to the mother of one of her servants for the maintenance of five cats during the course of their natural lives; five pounds being a very liberal provision for each pussy, as our readers will admit. But this lady, it should be observed, also left a thousand pounds each to two hospitals, legacies to her domestics, and the residue of her estate, which was considerable, to

her doctor, or apothecary, as he was called in those days. Her relatives appealed against the will; and in the sequel the apothecary's claim was struck out, but the other provisions—including the bequest to the cats—were confirmed.

Another lady, Elizabeth Hunter, a wealthy spinster, was at great pains to provide for the future of a pet bird, as the following extract from her will testifies: "I give and bequeath to my beloved parrot, the faithful companion of twenty-five years, an annuity for its life of two hundred guineas a year, to be paid half-yearly as long as this beloved parrot lives. . . . And I do bequeath to Mrs. Mary Dyer, widow, my foresaid parrot, with its annuity of two hundred guineas a year. . . . And I give to Mrs. Mary Dyer the power to will and bequeath my parrot and its annuity to whomsoever she pleases, provided that person is neither a servant nor a man; it must be bequeathed to some respectable female. . . . And I also will and desire that twenty guineas may be paid to Mrs. Dyer directly on my death, to be expended on a very high, long, and large cage for the aforesaid parrot; it is also my will

and desire that my parrot shall not be removed out of England."

There are many persons who would be glad enough to acquire an income of two hundred guineas a year upon such conditions, for the keep of the bird could hardly cost as many pence. The anxiety that her pet should not fall into the hands of a man, possibly because it might learn to express itself in coarser terms than might be desirable, is very amusing, and seems to give us an insight into the testatrix's personality which we should otherwise be without. It would be interesting to know the sequel of this story—whether the parrot died inconsolable for the loss of its mistress, and was speedily replaced by a counterfeit so that the annuity should not lapse, or whether it lived to a green old age. Possibly it may be alive now. It may, in fact, be that identical bird which we hear mimicking the cats, dogs and street-cries of the neighborhood as we write. Its speech is alternated with the most ear-splitting screeches, and we cannot conceive how any one can harbor such a nuisance—unless, indeed, our worthy neighbor be paid a handsome annuity for doing so.

Chambers's Journal.

SICKNESS.

Day after day, His warning word God spoke—
 I heard, but strove to hide in folly's crowd;
 Night after night, He called to me aloud—
 Yet, though I knew 'twas He the silence broke,
 My guilty fears and not my sorrow woke.
 I heard the Voice, I felt the searching Eye—
 I would not kneel, I dared not move to fly,
 But sullenly refused Christ's sweetest yoke.
 He pitied me, and still my welfare planned;
 He loved me as a Father, though He frowned;
 With saving sickness made me understand
 How wise it were to heed His slightest sound.
 He pitied me, for lightly pressed His hand,
 He loved me, for He let me kiss its wound.

From a Priest's Poems.

THE TREASURE: A HOME TALE.*

BY HEINRICH SEIDEL.

II.

THE REVEREND BUTTERFLY.

When Wigand was once in the churchyard and had turned around a corner made by some bushes, he saw that a middle-aged, closely shaven man had joined the two ladies who were dressed in black, and was conversing with them in a manner that betokened sympathy. This man, who he fancied must be the pastor of the place, seemed to have just come back from an excursion and had with him the paraphernalia of a butterfly collector, a net, a yellow white umbrella and an ancient leather bag, whose swollen look showed that it was stuffed full with a good many different objects. The ladies now took their leave and passed down along the central path in the churchyard, so as to come face to face with the engineer. The latter had by no means deceived himself in fancying, from his distant point of observation, that the younger one was attractive. The magic of youth, beauty and health shone forth from her well proportioned figure, and the severe black of her attire harmonized but poorly with the expression of gentle cheerfulness which it seemed the wont of her charming features to assume, although at the moment they were clouded with a light veil of seriousness. Wigand experienced that singular magnetic attraction, which with fairy fingers so often draws together people who meet for the first time, that feeling which mutely declares: "we are each made for the other." And this emotion seemed reciprocal.

That love which from the very first drew Romeo and Juliet into one another's arms, blooms in our North as well, albeit its blossom unfolds more deliberately. The two young mortals approached each other. Wigand saluted, scarce knowing what he did, as though it were a matter of course. The elder lady acknowledged the salute with a slight expression of astonishment, the younger bent like a flower that yielded before the gentle breeze of spring, and on they passed. As the latch of the churchyard gate fell he involuntarily looked back, met a glance from the beautiful dark blue eyes and was then alone, alone with the song of the birds which echoed from every thicket amid the rays of the setting sun, alone with the myriad flowers that nodded above the graves, and with a vague sensation of bliss that bathed his heart as with very sunshine. As though in a dream he advanced to the monument, by which the two ladies had been standing. He seemed to regard it with the closest attention, and still it had nothing to do with the question. He shook his head almost mechanically, as he here too recognized the familiar partridges. At each corner of the arched vault sat such a creature cut in stone, and in the middle there was carved a bearing that bore a partridge in its centre and as crest. Below was carved in large letters: "Here lies Karl Frederic Theodore von Rephun,¹ Lord of Richenberg, the last of his race." Below were the dates of birth and death.

And now, all of a sudden, there dawned on him a light as to the nu-

* Translated for The Living Age by Haskett Derby. Copyright by The Living Age Co.

¹ Rephun or Rebhuhn is the German for partridge. (Translator.)

merous partridges which had excited his wonder that afternoon. The fact alone would have engrossed his attention, but now his interest was excited by a fresh wreath of oleander twigs which adorned the grave. These evidently had been left by the young lady, perchance she herself had entwined them. He fancied he had never seen a more beautiful wreath. A thought occurred to him and he quickly compared the date and the year. It was so indeed, the man had died a year ago to-day. The young girl must be his daughter and the elder lady perhaps his widow. While he was thus cogitating, the butterfly collector, who had meanwhile been roving round among the bushes, again appeared, and close by him captured a brownish yellow butterfly, which he at once drew forth and examined from all sides with the greatest zeal. In his youth Wigand had been an enthusiastic collector of butterflies, and he quickly recognized the little creature of the springtide. This gave him an opportunity of engaging in conversation, and of learning from the man what he wanted to know. He came a few steps nearer and began to look at the butterfly too.

"Papilio Levana," he said.

"Vanessa!" said the collector, correcting him, "Vanessa Levana, the yellow land-map."

"You are right," said Wigand in reply, "that is the name of the species. But is it not very late in the year for this butterfly?"

"That's just it," exclaimed the man, "I am standing here in astonishment that it is still flying. Next month the summer brood of Prorsa must come along, and this has an entirely different appearance."

"When was it really discovered," inquired Wigand, who had no desire to let the conversation flag, "that these two butterflies are different broods of the same species? Old Rösel von

Rosenhof was lost in amazement when he saw entirely different butterflies come forth from the same worms."

"Yes, and Porima, the rare autumn variety, is still different," exclaimed the collector eagerly. "Yet, in regard to your question: Ochsenhelmer himself was not aware of it, when he published the first volume of his voluminous work. Treitschke, who completed this work, was the first to make this known, in the tenth volume, which contains the sequel. A certain man named Hess in Darmstadt and Freyer in Augsburg learned the fact."

And then, as though he had suddenly become cognizant of an extraordinary fact, he regarded Wigand with astonishment. "So you are the new engineer of the railway!" he cried. "Landlord Langes had already informed me of your arrival. And you know Rösel von Rosenhof, you are posted about butterflies? Why, you are an oasis in the desert. For in this whole region there is no one, except my wife, that I can talk to about these things. I must tell you frankly—these good rustics about here—they look on these creatures as mere trash. I know the name they have given me. "Worm-hunter" they call me, and "Reverend Butterfly." And he gave a silent inward laugh, as my friend Abendroth would say, "he laughed in his stomach." Then he went on: "I am the clergyman of the place. Krahnstöver is my name, Gottlieb Krahnstöver."

Wigand gave his own name and then said: "How do I happen to know Rösel? In the garret of my father's house was a room where all kinds of old odds and ends were kept; among them a good many books, which had been left by a great-uncle of mine, who was thought to be eccentric and who died at a great age. These books had been in the possession of the family since the first half of the preceding century. They were only retained out of respect for

his memory, for no one took any interest in them. I alone, when I was a boy and happened in there, rummaged round among the old books, for I was always in hopes of finding something I should like. But that came to pass very seldom. There for example was old Brock's book, 'Earthly delight in God,' nine big volumes crammed full of poems. Many of these were as much as a kilometer long. Then, too, there were Mr. Daniel William Triller's "Poetical Contemplations," in only six volumes, but they were all the bigger on that account. Modestly appreciating such incredible poetic powers I put all such books back in their places. But once on a time I piled one empty box on another and climbed up on them, for high above me stood a work in five large volumes, which I had never yet had in my hands. I was naturally apprehensive lest I had got hold of another of these big poets, who had contented himself with only five volumes, but made them all the bigger on that account. But this time I was pleasantly disappointed, for the first book I laid hold of was the atlas to Rösels's 'Monthly Insect Friend.' The wonderful colored plates of grubs, butterflies and beetles fairly charmed me. I took down for myself the four volumes of text which went with it and pored over them for hours. From this time forward a burning desire to make the actual acquaintance of the wonderful things that were here described took possession of me, and thus I began to collect butterflies."

The old pastor had closely followed this narrative, uttering from time to time all kinds of exclamations. And then he said: "Old Rösels is surely a regular magician. For, look you, that was just my experience. He is responsible for me too. But I'll tell you about that later on. For if there is a spark of kindly feeling in your breast you will be my guest this evening.

And come early before it grows dark, so that I can show you a few of my treasures."

Wigand gladly accepted this invitation. But at this moment he got another view of the two ladies dressed in black. They were going over the Richnow bridge towards the castle. "Who are these ladies?" he inquired in a well assumed tone of polite curiosity.

"The younger," replied the pastor, "is the gracious lady Hildegard von Rephun, the only daughter of the late owner of the estate, who lies buried there. She was my scholar. Knows too a little something about butterflies. Not much, but still something. A splendid girl. Goes in for every caterpillar. Has brought me many a rare species. Just notice how she walks along in her black dress. She reminds me of the Vanessa Antiope, for this butterfly wears a neat and dark attire, and still sports through the summer. Oh, the other, that is her aunt, Miss Schröder."

Then the two went on between the graves, past the old church, and came to a path, which lay beneath two ancient lindens and led into the pastor's garden through a gate in the wall. A comfortable looking old house came in sight, covered with ivy, roses and grapevines, according to the point of the compass each wall faced. A small, blooming front garden lay between it and the street, and on either side of the plain wooden veranda stood two large oleander bushes in green tubs.

"There are a great many oleanders in this village," said the pastor, "and that is because of the old Herr von Rephun, who had two hobbies. One of them was his oleander trees and the other the bird who figures in his coat of arms, the partridge. The last few years he has been rather eccentric, he was full of the idea of partridges, and he placed the image of this bird wher-

ever there was a chance of doing so. But walk into my 'museum,' as they would have called it in the good old days."

They entered a simply furnished story of the house, the deal-boards as they call it in that part of the country. Then the pastor threw open a side door and now they came into a spacious chamber, the walls of which were entirely lined with bookshelves and large cases, all filled with low but broad drawers. The pastor pointed with a certain pride to one portion of his collection of books, where the volumes presented a peculiarly imposing appearance. "See, here stand all my friends and advisers. Here you observe your good old friend Röscl von Rosenhof; here Ochsenheimer and Treitschke; "The Butterflies of Europe," ten splendid volumes; here the great copperplates of Hübner, of Esper and of Freyer and the recent work of Ramann with its colored plates—the man got up for himself a regular manufactory devoted to high art, in order to produce this work—and here are Herrick-Schäffer, Staudinger and Wocke, and so on, and so on. By the way, do you prefer to smoke a cigar or a long pipe? I have a pleasant light tobacco from Sanlter and Weber in Rostock."

Wigand decided on a long pipe, as it seemed to him to be more appropriate to this place, and when they had both lighted up, the pastor turned to the presses with the many drawers, gazed a while on them with loving pride, and pointing at them with his hand he gazed sideways at Wigand, as though he were about to put the question: "well, what say you to that?"

"Are all the drawers filled?" inquired the engineer.

"Of course," replied the pastor proudly, "leaving a little room for more. My cabinet maker is at work for me on a new press. And yet I have con-

finied myself to Germany, and to the larger butterflies; I have not gone in the least into the smaller varieties, the candle-moths, roll-moths, beetles and millers. But when a man gets fairly started on the different species, then things begin to hum. For example, the *Argynnis* species, the pearl-colored butterfly, of which there are so many varieties; of these alone I have three drawers full. The most extraordinary variations, frequently one supposes that he has come across a new species. But what shall I show you first? We first got acquainted over the *Vanessa*, so we will begin with the *Vanessa*." He drew out a drawer, put it on a table near the window and opened the glass top.

"Now, just take a careful look at the contents of this case," he exclaimed, "and tell me if you notice anything remarkable!"

Wigand gazed attentively at the bright butterflies, at the rows of thistleflies, admirals, mourning-cloaks, peacock-eyes and foxes, and the other members of this well known and widely diffused species, but at first he merely noted that the specimens of the different classes exhibited considerable differences occasionally as to size. When he remarked on this, the pastor shook his head in astonishment.

"The idea of your not seeing it!" he said disapprovingly.

At last, at the end of the row of "big foxes," the engineer found a butterfly that arrested his attention. He pointed it out with his finger. "I don't know this one here," he said, "it must belong to South Germany."

This remark seemed greatly to please the pastor, and he burst forth in a silent, convulsive laugh. Then he sent forth two big puffs of smoke, pointed to the butterfly with his pipe stem and said: "that one? that is a native Richenberger, at least I caught him here, and in my very church. It is an ex-

cessively rare variety in this part of the world, belongs to the family of big foxes, Testudo, tortoise so-called, because he looks as though he had a layer of tortoise shell. Being a clergyman I feel rather embarrassed at having to explain the way I got him. Three years ago, on the fifth Sunday after Trinity, I was preaching on the Gospel about Peter's fishing, and had safely arrived at the third and last division of my discourse, when all of a sudden my eyes lighted on a butterfly which had been flying about the church all the while, and which had from time to time banged against the windows. From his behavior I saw at once that he belonged to the species of big foxes, a common kind, and I paid no further attention to him. All of a sudden he came close up to me, lit on a window sill in the sunshine, and began expanding his wings. I felt as though struck by lightning: 'that has a strange look, what is it? It must be a Testudo,' a voice within me said. I began to get confused, lost the thread of my discourse and stumbled round. I strove to collect my thoughts, but they fairly ran away with me, so much was I bothered by the excitement of this singular discovery. It is probable that I uttered a lot of stuff that had no meaning, for I observed that the people grew attentive and began nudging each other. And Vanessa polychloros, species Testudo, fluttered once more against the church window. 'If he only does himself no injury!' was constantly in my thoughts. In short, I got fairly stuck, the first time in my life anything of the kind ever happened to me. I had to shut down on my sermon, summoned all my presence of mind and brought it to an abrupt close, and left the pulpit fairly overwhelmed with shame. 'We did not get much out of the pastor to-day,' was whispered as I went through the church. Yes, the collecting devil is a

bad master and this time he really had me in his clutches, for I must admit that the time that elapsed before benediction, and before the people had fled out of church with their wonted deliberation and dignity seemed ages to me. Amid the silence that prevailed during the inaudible closing prayer I could again hear the butterfly beating his wings against the window through which the sun streamed. At last the church was empty; even the sexton was out of sight; he was busy counting the collection behind the altar. With the utmost speed I made for the spot. The window was not too high, aided by one of the church chairs I easily reached it. The butterfly with folded wings was now quietly resting on the sill, it was as though he were meditating concerning his approaching captivity, and with a lucky swoop I caught him. I let him spread his wings; as sure as I lived, it must be a Testudo. Once home I quickly convinced myself that such was indeed the case. As far as I know this particular kind was never caught but once before, and that was near Wismar." And the pastor looked as lovingly at the little brilliant creature as though his wings had been studded with the most costly precious stones.

"But to continue!" he went on, bringing out another tray, which contained a number of butterflies belonging to the genus of hawk-moths. "What I am now about to show you," he said, pointing to a row of death's-head moths, "is nothing especially remarkable, for since so many potatoes have been cultivated, this creature is by no means so uncommon as it was a hundred years ago. But I must point out to you this first hawk-moth, unskilfully mounted as he is, for the reason that he is the cat in the meal, as the saying is. He is the head sinner." And with an expressive sweep of his arms he pointed to his library and cabinets.

"It came about in this wise. When I was still a very young pastor here and sat one pleasant July evening in the arbor, smoking and seemingly engaged in the preparation of my next discourse, our maid Trina came from the kitchen garden where she had been digging potatoes, and said: 'O Pastor, there is a horrid, yellow worm with blue stripes, in among the vegetables.'

"Aha," said I, 'have you brought it along, show it to me!'

"She grew troubled and said: 'O no, Pastor, I would be afraid to take hold of it.'

"So I went with her and made her show me the 'horrid, yellow worm.' I was very much astonished, for I had never seen anything of the kind, nor had I believed its existence possible. For at that time I knew nothing whatever about butterflies and grubs, and felt as though I were in the presence of a something very rare and phenomenal. This was not at all surprising in a person who had never seen this splendid grub, over twelve centimeters long, and beautifully colored lemon-yellow, light blue and dark green. I carefully broke off the twig on which the creature was sitting and brought it into the house. And now I would have given a good deal to know what the strange thing was that I had there. And then it occurred to me that, among the books of my deceased father-in-law (whose successor I am) there was one work that contained pictures of butterflies. How he got hold of it I have no idea, for his pet study was local history, heraldry and things of that kind, and he could not have told a hedge butterfly from a cabbage butterfly. So I lugged down old Rüssel von Rosenhof from the shelf where he had been accumulating dust for so many years, all neglected, and after a while I found with joyful surprise a capital picture of my grub. I looked for the text that went with it and found at the

beginning of the third volume just what I wanted. The title was, 'the great jessamine grub, brilliantly colored yellow and blue, belonging to the night insects of the first class; also its metamorphosis into the so-called death-flyer.' With the greatest avidity I devoured the whole account. How old Rüssel hears about this splendid grub, which the wife of a gardener who lives outside the town is exhibiting for money, and how he allows himself no rest until, after a long struggle and much persuasion, as well as the expenditure of money, he gets the treasure into his possession. How he then procures two other grubs of the same kind, and the suspense he is in while watching their metamorphosis. How in the course of a month, to his great delight, a most remarkable and beautiful butterfly emerges from one chrysalis, and how to his joy is added intense astonishment when the butterfly, on being touched, gives utterance to a sound half creaking, half complaining. The great attraction about this old miniature painter and student of nature is the circumstance that we are not dealing with a bare scientific statement, but that all the four big volumes are almost exclusively crammed with his own experience, that the author makes us participate in all his little joys and sorrows and have a hand in his discoveries and surprises, his anxieties and expectations. And how lovingly are the wonderful illustrations executed, beautiful from an artistic point of view and yet scrupulously exact, so that sometimes a magnifying glass has to be used in order to appreciate the full delicacy of the drawing.

"From this time on I had fairly swallowed the bait," continued the pastor, "and during my leisure hours I worked all through Rüssel, while a burning desire took possession of me to take up the thing myself. But I was wholly without instruction. During a short

journey I made the acquaintance of a collector, who advised me as to the proper books, and gave me the address of a man who kept a natural history store, where I might obtain the necessary material. In the freshness of my zeal I laid in a stock of everything, but after I had brought together a good library of books on butterflies, as well as all sorts of trays, stretchers, insect pins, catch bottles, grub holders, glass cases and the other belongings and was ready for work, winter had set in, and the only flying thing left was *Brumata*, the frost flyer. There I sat, as a Berliner would say, chock full of ability and unable to use it. But when the next spring commenced the air was full of slaughter. The very first year

I made a large collection, for in the outset I would utilize everything that came to hand, and there are a great many butterflies about here."

All of a sudden the pastor passed his hand through his hair and exclaimed: "Here I am running on and running on and entirely forgetting my wife. She does not even know that I am at home, and that we have a visitor. She is in the garden room, looking after the grubs. Unfortunately we have no children and so my wife has adopted the grubs. She is perhaps the best mother of grubs that ever lived. She pulls them all through. Come along, come along, young man."

And so they both betook themselves to the back part of the house.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO PEKING IN 1899.

Early in the month of May, 1899, I embarked in the steamship *Kingsing* at Shanghai, bound on a long desired visit to the capital of the Chinese Empire. Many were the disquieting assurances that the four days' run to Tienstin would be far worse than the whole of an unfavorable voyage from England; but I was not to be daunted, and, happily, experienced the "exception which proves the rule," for the voyage was accomplished on the calmest of seas, with delightfully blue skies smiling overhead. Arrived at Ta-ku, at the entrance of the Pei-ho River, the most impatient of us were obliged to submit to delay, and that of some hours, caused by anchoring before the bar, the tide not serving to carry the *Kingsing* across it and up the shallow channel of the river. The famous Ta-ku Forts, however, were in sight, and the time passed pleasantly while we in-

spected them through good field-glasses, and recalled the history of their capture by the British under Lord Elgin in 1860.

Just as all were unwillingly resigned to spending another night on board, word was passed round that the Customs launch was in sight, coming off to fetch the mails. Hope revived, and, by the courtesy of the officer in charge, passage was offered to the few passengers, on condition that all but light hand-baggage should be left behind. In an incredibly short time the *Kingsing* was deserted for the launch, and the captain waved his farewells from the upper deck, as we steamed rapidly away up the river between the Forts. Perhaps some of the ladies thought regretfully of evening gowns which they might never see again, but were well pleased on the whole to be landed at Tongku before the last train of the

day had left for Tientsin. A run of about two hours, and Tientsin was reached, too late to proceed to Peking that day. But the forced delay was a gain, as we were able to travel by the next day's mail-train, with its comfortably fitted "postal car" for foreigners, instead of in the ordinary so-called "first-class" carriage, which is devoid of comfort and generally filled with Chinese smokers.

For some distance after leaving Tientsin, one was appalled to see graves, nothing but graves, as far as the eye could reach, on either side of the line. Not such graves as are familiar to us, but conical-shaped mounds of varying sizes, which merely cover the coffins, and mark the resting-places of many generations of Chinese. It was a relief to leave the gruesome sight behind; one thought the very air seemed infected and heavy. The railway passes through part of the great plain of Chihli, hundreds of miles in extent, on which Peking is situated. The hills which bound it on the west could only be seen in the distance, and the surrounding country, though pretty, is not particularly striking; far-stretching fields of paddy (rice) and other grain, vividly green in their spring growth, with here and there sleepy little villages of mud huts, and long picturesque lines of tall-masted junks lying at anchor on the creeks which wind their way across the plain. The speed of the train was not alarming (twenty miles an hour), and we stopped several times at wayside stations with unpronounceable names. One found a good deal of entertainment in watching the natives, who strolled casually all over the line, offering tea from large teapots, and fruit and eggs to the native passengers; and then, having induced them to buy, they proceeded to bargain fast and furiously, most probably over a single cash.¹

As the train drew up at Ma-chia-pu (the terminus for Peking, some two miles southward of the city), a dense crowd of formidable-looking, almost copper-colored natives filled the platform. In reality they were harmless and orderly enough, though clamoring loudly; some for cash, some for the hire of their blue-hooded carts, drawn up in a space beyond the station, amongst gaily decorated booths and stalls, which seemed like a very picturesque and very noisy fair; others displayed an eagerness to assist with one's baggage, which necessitated a lynx-eyed vigilance to ensure its safety; and all alike were good-humoredly desirous of a glimpse of the foreign lady passenger. The sight of my English friend in the midst of this strange babel and confusion was decidedly a reassuring and a pleasant sight. Unfortunately we were separated shortly after starting for Peking, carried off in different directions, so that the further two hours' journey was achieved alone with the chair-bearers, who, although perfectly trustworthy, were anything but prepossessing in appearance.

I was surrounded and very thoroughly inspected as I passed from the train to the sedan-chair awaiting me, but one soon becomes accustomed to attentions of this kind in China, and, once seated in the chair, the four bearers, two in front and two at the back, took the poles on their shoulders, lifted it up, and started off at an even swinging pace, which they kept up steadily across the sandy plain, under the rays of a scorching Eastern sun.

A long gray line of battlemented wall first showed that we were nearing the city, and, arrived at the Yung Ting Men,² the central south gate of the Chinese City, we were forced to stop because of the crowds which thronged

¹ About twenty-four cash equal one renny in value.

² Men (pronounced "mun") = gate.

the entrance. What a marvellous scene met my unaccustomed Western eyes! Stalls of eatables and of all kinds of merchandise clustered under the massive walls and in the gateways. Riders on mules, ponies and donkeys, passengers on foot; mules, rope-harnessed to heavily laden trolley carts stuck fast in the deep dust, floundering helplessly in their efforts to draw them along; "strings" of camels, carts and sedan-chairs—all mingling together in bewikdering confusion, while voices, never musical, were yelling, shouting, screaming their loudest, at the animals, at each other! Truly it was an essentially Eastern scene, and I, the only touch of Western life amongst it all, as I watched with keen interest and perhaps some little trepidation from my chair, tightly wedged between camels on one side and carts on the other. As the crush lessened the bearers moved slowly forward, then through the gate, and an oft-talked-of wish was realized. Inside the city of Peking at last!

A long broad road leads "straight as a die" from the Yung Ting Mên to the Ch'ên Mên, the great south gate of the Tartar City, passing between the Temple of the Altar of Heaven, so worthy of note, on the right, and the Temple of Agriculture on the left, both lying back in extensive park-like enclosures.

The wall of the Chinese City is imposing as one approaches it, but how much more imposing is that which surrounds the Manchu (Tartar) City, in the very heart of which lie the Forbidden and Imperial Cities, each enclosed within high walls; for there dwells the Son of Heaven, with a vast suite of princes and officials of high degree.

Fifty feet high, and fifty feet broad, a crenelated battlement on the outer, and a parapet on the inner side, the Tartar City wall is further strength-

ened by massive bastions thrown out at regular intervals of about a hundred feet, but the usual dilapidation marks the guard-house before each one, on the top of the wall. The impressive height and thickness of the wall, the great bastions, and massively constructed corner towers give one the impression of a mighty and impregnable fortress, for it is only on closer inspection that the formidable-looking walls are found to be built of rubble, faced with sun-dried brick, and that the hundreds of cannon which apparently man the imposing towers are only painted shams! There are nine gates in its sixteen miles of length, great archways pierced like tunnels through the wall, fitted with iron-plated double doors, which still, as of old, are closed at sundown, fastened with enormous wooden bolts. Above the archways rise ornamental towers, about one hundred and fifty feet in length and seventy feet high, their shapely roofs glistening with green porcelain tiles. Every gate which leads into the Chinese and Tartar Cities has a semi-circular fortification wall thrown out from it, having one or more gateways, with towers or guard-houses above them.

It is indeed a striking view of Peking that is obtained from the south wall of the Tartar City. On the one hand, the Chinese City, with its low, gray-roofed houses, and the Temple of the Altar of Heaven conspicuous in the distance; on the other hand, the Tartar, Forbidden and Imperial Cities. There, the well-grown trees so thickly planted in the courtyards and other open spaces have the appearance of a great park, and glistening amongst the trees with very beautiful effect are the variously colored roofs of glazed porcelain tiles, yellow, blue and green, of the Imperial Palace building, temples and residences of princes and high officials. Beyond and around on all sides rise

the strikingly picturesque towers of the gates.

The new-comer to Peking will not be long in the city before he is forcibly reminded of the many tales told of dread smells and ugly sights to be encountered in its streets. It seemed to me at first that these had been exaggerated; but a residence of several weeks within the walls, and of going and coming at all times (more especially towards evening, when the roads are "watered" with the contents of ditch-like drains existing at the road-sides), convinced me that my conclusions had been premature. And yet, notwithstanding much which is unquestionably offensive to Western senses, who, having once passed through its streets, has not felt the fascination of the unique experience, even though thumped and bumped along in the wooden-hooded, springless carts over roads which are so bad as utterly to defy any attempt at adequate description?

The main streets of most Chinese cities do not exceed six or eight feet in width, and perhaps those of Peking are the only exceptions. Narrow lanes there are, intersecting the city in every direction, and most uninteresting, with their long blank walls, broken only by gateways into the courtyards on to which the houses open; but the main thoroughfares are of noble width, some even one hundred feet wide. Many of the shops are tawdry and sordid looking, but many have handsomely carved and gilded façades. The merchandise being mostly kept at the back, shop signs, quaint, brightly colored, and mostly enigmatical to the uninitiated foreigner, proclaim what may be found within. Piles of wood and stacks of bricks may be seen blocking the pathway, serving as excellent advertisements for the owners as well as saving space on their premises. This may be inconvenient to passers-by, but

no one seems to object—probably no one has any objection; they might possibly wish to do the same thing themselves, so the wood and the bricks remain.

A stationary funeral of sordid magnificence and of great length, occupying the entire width of the roadway, is by no means an uncommon sight, and great was my amazement at the first one I saw. The coffin was resting on a bier or catafalque of scarlet and gold, of such size and weight that at least forty men were required to lift it. The procession was waiting while "life-sized" models of the dead man's furniture and worldly goods, beautifully constructed, were blazing away into ascending smoke, to the crash and clang of gongs and cymbals, and the howls of hired mourners. This, that he may be fully provided for in the next world.

The road being unavailable for ordinary traffic, there is nothing for the many who wish to pass but to get in some one else's way by turning on to the footpaths, which fortunately are fairly wide, but blocks frequently occur as the result.

I speak from experience, for the *shên-si* or mule-litter in which I was travelling on my way to the Great Wall, got locked fast at a corner between some shop-posts and carts, when shopmen, carters, the muleteer in charge of the litter, and stray foot passengers with nothing to do, all suddenly began to yell and scream at each other, at the top of their harsh voices, with strict impartiality, and delightful disregard of the funeral procession so close by. The difficulty over, and the *shên-si* released, all was as suddenly quiet and peace reigned again.

From sunrise to sunset these remarkable streets are strangely bewitching scenes of varying life and color, moving ceaselessly hither and thither, streaming in and streaming out of

those mighty gates. The blue-hooded cart with its humble occupants lumbers leisurely along; peacock-feathered mandarins ride or drive in tawdry state; and princes, gorgeously apparalled, are carried in sedan-chairs or driven in glorified editions of the common cart, preceded and followed by their retinues mounted on buff-colored, long-tailed Mongolian ponies, kicking up the dust in stifling clouds. Gaily dressed riders on mules with brightly colored saddle-cloths are constantly passing one by; the more sombrely blue-clad figures jogging contentedly along on donkeys with collars of merrily jingling bells. Then one sees the quaint wheel-barrow, with its "inevitable squeak," the clumsy trolley cart, herds of swine and flocks of long-haired sheep, and continuous "strings" of two-humped camels, heavily laden, sailing along with their slow stately motion, or lying in groups by the wayside to rest. And especially attractive amongst the crowds of foot passengers is the striking figure of the long-robed Manchu woman, moving with the greatest dignity and freedom on her unbound feet, and resplendent in her gay and brilliant rainbow-colored head-dress.

Truly Peking is a marvellous city, and exercises an indefinable charm over those who have the time and opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with it. With its splendid palaces and temples—too often falling to decay—ancient monuments, time-honored systems, and old-world quaintness, Peking holds a unique position amongst the most important cities of the world. One felt that it was scarcely surprising that the Chinese should resent the approach of Western civilization, which must of necessity bring changes with it, but one could clearly see that Western influence was beginning to tell, though oddly combined with the still more apparent ancient

conservatism and intense hatred of the foreigner.

Foreign possessions were proudly displayed, and articles of Birmingham manufacture were spread out with strange incongruity on the stalls within the gates (even the Empress has six pianos in the palace—in a deplorable condition—and a steam launch—which refuses to steam—on the lake of the summer palace), and one was continually hearing of determined study of the English language. Early in August I passed through the streets for the last time, jolted and jarred over the terribly rough roads in the springless cart, with its iron-tired wheels, the object of universal, and obviously disapproving, if not insolent remarks. Especially was this the case in passing the Manchu troops, who were pouring into the city pell-mell from drill outside the walls. They had modern field-guns, carefully wrapped in covers of red cotton cloth! and clumsy firearms, each one requiring two men to carry it, which I was assured would, if fired, knock them both down, but do little harm to the enemy. Once again I noticed with curious interest the simple methods of daily work followed for hundreds of years, and the primitive implements of various kinds, perfectly effectual in a country where time is no object, as in China. It seemed like transportation to mediæval ages, and yet, within five minutes of passing through Yung Ting Mên, and out of the city, the jolting cart was exchanged for the most modern of electric tramcars, gliding rapidly along in the very shadow of the time-worn city wall.¹ The sudden transition from old to new and the contrast between them was startling; a strange, never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Surely there is more readiness than is

¹ The trams only started running shortly before my departure so that I was among the first foreign passengers.

generally supposed, to adopt Western methods when suitable; and I believe it to be the opinion of many who are qualified to judge, that the present rising is among a certain section only, fostered, if not instigated, by those in high places whose interest it is to maintain the old corrupt order of government; and that there must be thousands of patriotic Chinese who are anxious for the advancement and true good of their country, and ready to welcome and adopt Western methods as far as they would tend to that end.

Mr. Robert K. Douglas, in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, gives a striking instance of the growing popular taste for Western literature. He quotes statistics showing that Chinese translations of books on Western sciences, history, geography and other subjects, published in China by a well-known society for promoting Christian and other knowledge amongst the Chinese, were recently sold with such rapidity that Chinese printers saw in their great popularity a means of large profit to themselves and copied the books, needless to say, without permission! This is in itself a significant fact; the more

Good Words.

so that, as Mr. Douglas points out, only about one-tenth of the population can read, and it shows that there is a strong undercurrent of progressiveness, perhaps little suspected by the nobles of the land. I have talked with educated Chinese gentlemen, whose English was as fluent as one's own, who have long deeply deplored the lamentable state of China, and who have refused high office rather than be identified with a Government which they know to be corrupt and rotten to the core. It may be that those who fostered the present rising, thus bringing about so terrible a crisis, will find the consummation to be very different from anything they had hoped or anticipated.

For myself, I would say that during several months of further journeying in China, Corea, and lovely Japan, I saw nothing to equal Peking in fascination and interest. In view of inevitable changes—even in the event of many improvements—it must be a keen satisfaction that one visited China in time to see its capital while still invested with its ancient native charm.

"Duthine."

FORTITUDE.

Duty has called. Her unrelenting hand
Points sternly to the desert, bids me go:
Nor dare I strive her dictates to withstand.
Be brave, my heart, to bear the bitter throe!
To gain the summit must thou breast the slope,
To earn the crown thou needs must face the fight;
High overhead calm shines the star of hope,
The morning dawns from out the darkest night.
Let firm-set lips, and level-fronting brow
Proclaim thy right to suffer silently:
The brute may cry against his fate, but thou
Shalt win because of thy divinity;
Prometheus-like shalt conquer circumstance,
And claim the worlds for thine inheritance.

The Argosy.

Alice D. Braham.

OUR MATCH AT THE PARK.

That our match at the Park did not become an annual fixture is a matter for which I disclaim all personal responsibility. Two people were, I consider, to blame,—Tommy Lowndes himself, and Tommy's father's coachman's con-founded cousin. I never knew any respectable coachman who owned to a cousin before, and I wish that the Lowndes's coachman's cousin had been smothered at his birth.

But this is how the thing began. As Tommy Lowndes and I were coming home from the village cricket-ground after the last match of the season, we met the Major, strutting along the path and looking even more important and more full of business than usual. What the Major's exact business in life had been since he left the Service, no one exactly seemed to know, but as he always spoke of himself as a very busy man, it was only polite to believe him. Theoretically, the Major was a very fine cricketer, and now and again would stroll down to our ground and tell us how things ought to be done; but, being evidently one of those instructors who consider that precept is better than example, he could never be persuaded to illustrate his lessons.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," he now exclaimed, "you will have a chance of playing cricket on a really good wicket next year. The Park is let, and I am going to have a ground laid down there."

"Why, have you taken it yourself, Major?" enquired Tommy.

"Well, no, not exactly myself," replied the Major, "but some connections of mine,—that is, I may say, some very near relations of mine have taken it for seven years. Lord Emden, you know,—that is, not Lord Emden

himself, precisely, as he is a minor, but his mother, Lady Emden, has taken it for him, and they are coming in next month."

"And what relations are they of yours?" asked Tommy, who always declared that the Major, if you took him at his own valuation, was in some way related to every member of the Peerage, and intimately acquainted, not only with our own Royal Family, but with every Crowned Head in Europe.

"Well, let me see," said the Major, "the late man's father, and my great-aunt on my mother's side married second-cousins, and so the boy's father and myself were, were—eh—eh—"

"Twins," suggested Tommy, as the Major hesitated.

"Well no, not twins exactly," replied the Major, taking Tommy's suggestion quite seriously, "but something devilish near it, you know, cousins of course,—let me see, what cousins? If his father—"

"Was Jack's son, what relation was Jack to John. There I've got it in one, Major. But I say," continued Tommy, as the Major evidently misliking flippancy, frowned ominously, "what sort of a fellow is young Hopeful?"

"Do you mean the present Viscount Emden?" and the Major enunciated the title with a gravity evidently intended to convey to the volatile Tommy's mind a strong hint that "young Hopeful" was not exactly a proper term to use in reference to a member of the aristocracy.

"Yes, Emden, of course."

I could see that the Major was still more than half inclined to stand out for the title. He has more than once remarked to me when speaking of Tommy Lowndes: "A very decent

young fellow in his way, George, but singularly devoid of reverence." However, he graciously swallowed the objection, and gave us a brief summary of the young nobleman's career, which Tommy construed for my benefit as it went on.

"Well, the poor boy has not had many advantages."

"A bit of an ass," put in Tommy.

"He had to be taken away from Eton quite young—"

"Superannuated, you bet," said Tommy, "or sacked."

"And then he had a private tutor for three years—"

"Poor devil!" I really do not know whether this was meant to apply to the tutor or the pupil.

"And then he was to have gone to Oxford—"

"But got ploughed."

"But they changed their minds about it and so,—well, the fact of the matter is that he has lived alone with his mother ever since."

"Born loafer," pronounced Tommy decisively.

"Well, anyhow he has not got to work for his livelihood like some people here," and the Major accompanied this remark with a look at Tommy evidently meant to imply that it was a very gross impertinence in a struggling stock-jobber to lightly criticise the actions of people moving in higher circles.

"More pity for him," rejoined Tommy in no wise abashed. "But I say, Major, didn't you say he was at Eton a few years back? I wonder whether I knew him there. What did you say the creature's name was?"

"Viscount Emden," repeated the Major.

"Oh I know that, but he was not born Viscount Emden, was he? I suppose he had a father of a sort. What used his name to be?"

"The family name is Ferrars,"

enunciated the Major with much solemnity.

"Got red hair and a round face? Name Dicky by any chance?" and now for the first time Tommy looked thoroughly interested.

"Well, yes, hem, I believe Lord Emden's baptismal name is Richard. And he has got,—well, yes,—auburn hair; and yes, well perhaps the face is a trifle full." The Major made each admission with obvious reluctance.

"Why, hanged if it isn't little Pudding-Head!" shouted Tommy, bursting into a hearty fit of laughter. "At my dame's, and my fag for a year, and might have been my fag for three years if the silly little scouter could ever have got out of fourth form. Not that the poor little devil didn't try hard enough, but he had no more brains than a chimpanzee, couldn't boil an egg to save his life or take a message like a Christian. Poor little Pudding-Head! Fancy my coming across him again!" And Tommy went off into another fit of laughter.

"Oh, hush, hush!" exclaimed the Major, now seriously alarmed. "You really must not talk about Lord Emden like that down here, Lowndes. Walls have ears and hedges, you know, and it would not do at all. Put away childish things, you know, or—" here the Major's scriptural knowledge was at fault, and so pulling himself up short he went off on a new tack. "Look here, Lowndes, speaking as a man of the world,—I've moved about a bit as you know, and have seen some service in my time—it does not do at all to rake up old school-stories, and—"

"And—rot!" interrupted Tommy with some show of temper. "Look you here, Major, you're an older man of the world than I am, I'll grant you, and you may have stuck fifty niggers or five hundred, but you really must excuse my saying that I am not exactly a born idiot. I shall not give

your young Emden away; he may be a very good fellow for all I know to the contrary; at any rate there is no harm in him, or used not to be. He could not help being thick, and I don't suppose that he gave himself carrotty hair; every one cannot be an Adonis or a Ruskin. But you really must not expect me or any one else to fall down and lick the creature's boots because he happens to be a viscount, nor do I imagine that the world will come to an end if I do happen to call him Pudding-Head. If he is not pudding-headed any longer, so much the better for him. But now I have got to be at home for dinner, so come along, George. Good-evening, Major; I am glad some one has taken the Park at any rate, and I hope you'll have good luck with your ground, or your cousin's ground."

In due course the Emdens arrived at the Park, and the laying out of a cricket-ground went on merrily during the winter months. Though Lady Emden herself was not a particularly formidable personage, I could see that the Major, notwithstanding his boasted relationship, stood in considerable awe of her. However, where there is a young man to be educated in the ways of the world, it is convenient to have ready-to-hand an old soldier, anxious to oblige and willing to magnify his own local importance by acting as bear-leader to the one and only real live lord resident in our part of the country. Nature, as Tommy Lowndes's remarks had led me to expect, had not been kind to the Lord, as the villagers called him, so far as his personal appearance was concerned. A very large round face, liberally freckled and surmounted by a crop of bright red hair, momentarily threatened to overbalance the long body indifferently supported by a pair of scraggy legs. However, we must take people as we find them

in this world, and though young Emden's bodily presence was weak, he was a thoroughly good-natured and unaffected lad, rather inclined to resent the Major's efforts to make him the lion of the neighborhood. A remark made by 'Lijah Tomkins, which I chanced to overhear, on the first Sunday after the Emdens' arrival, showed that our yokels were not so much impressed by this sudden advent of aristocracy as they perhaps ought to have been. "Call him a lord," quoth Elijah; "why, he's nobbut a girt plum-pudding on stilts."

In his office of bear-leader and instructor in field-sports our Major worked right gallantly, accepting even with fairly good grace, at the time, a tribute of five shots in the left gaiter when the young gentleman was being initiated in the mysteries of rabbit-shooting. In the evening, however, he thus unbosomed his soul to me.

"I'll tell you what it is, George," he remarked; "I have seen some service in my time and have been under a hot fire more than once in South Africa, but I would rather meet a Zulu *impi* on the war-path than get within range of that young cousin of mine with a scatter-gun. Only gaiters peppered!" for here I had ventured to remark that it might have been worse. "I tell you that I was in peril of my life. If I had not got behind a tree, the young beggar would have fairly smothered me." And I noticed that this particular branch of education was thereafter entrusted to the keeper.

By the end of February the cricket-ground had been laid and the heavy roller was hard at work and, as the days lengthened out, the Major condescended to ask my advice on the matter of engaging a professional. But I am afraid that, like a good many other people who invite counsel, the worthy Major had previously made up his mind to a definite course of action,

and came to me rather with the view of parading his own superior knowledge of the ways of the cricketing fraternity than with any intention of following my advice. For when I suggested a local man, one Tom Swain, he shook his head, pursed his lips, and assumed that air of importance which always irritated Tommy Lowndes.

"Won't do, George, won't do at all. We must have something better than that. I don't want to say anything against your *protégé*, mind! he may be a very excellent fellow and all that, but he is not class enough. Money is no object in this case, so we'll have a really first-rate man while we are about it. Of course I could coach the lad myself, if it was only coaching; but we must have a man who can bowl a bit, a first-class man who has just dropped out of cricket, but still keeps up his bowling. In fact, George, I don't mind telling you that I have got the very man in my eye, and—well—in fact I have pretty well booked him. Now what should you say to old Billy Johnson?"

I knew the man mentioned well enough by reputation, and was perfectly aware that he had in his day been as good a bowler as any in England. But I ventured to remind the Major that there were some queer stories afloat as to Johnson's drinking capacities, and that his retirement from first-class cricket had been hastened by intemperate habits and insubordinate behavior. I might just as well have talked to a lamp-post.

"Come, come, my dear George," said the Major with a most irritating air of superiority, "it's no good raking up old stories. I have seen the man myself, had him down yesterday, and talked to him for an hour or more, and a more civil, willing, well-spoken fellow I never met in the whole course of my experience. It's an odd thing, you know, that when any one of you young

fellows think that you can do a thing pretty well yourself, you always want to crab a man who can do it a bit better;" and with this parting shot the Major walked off, and at once wrote to offer the engagement to Billy Johnson.

This redoubtable personage turned up about a fortnight later, and for the first month or so was on his best behavior.

I was much too busy myself to go and watch the practice in the Park, but, according to the Major, the progress made by young Emden was astounding. "And I'll tell you what, George," he added, after a long panegyric on Emden's batting powers, "that man Johnson is a very knowing fellow and a very shrewd judge of a cricketer. Why, he tells me that, if I will only take up the game again seriously, with these plain wickets and short boundaries, there is no reason why I should not be as useful a man on a county side as pretty well any amateur in the country—as a bat only, of course—I have quite given up my bowling—but in the matter of style, you know, and sound defence, I—well, I am pretty well as good now as I ever was."

"Better, I should think," struck in Tommy Lowndes, who just came up in time to overhear the last remark.

"Hem, well perhaps not quite that," said the Major, who generally accepted Tommy's remarks with a certain amount of reserve, not to say suspicion.

Having the good fortune to meet Billy Johnson in the street a few days later, and noticing that he had come from the direction of a public-house, I thought I might as well avail myself of the opportunity of hearing his views on the subject. For I fancied that the old problem *in vino veritas* might also hold good of beer, and I could see that the fellow was what our good folk call pleasantly drunk—not exactly tipsy, that is to say, but in the communicative stage of beeriness.

"Well, Johnson, are you going to make a cricketer of Lord Emden?"

"Not me," was the ready response, "nor no one else as I ever heard on neither. Might as well ask a man to teach an old wukkus [work-house] woman or a baby in arms to play cricket. He's a very affable young gemmen, and a very good lord for all I knows, but he ain't got no more cricket in him than an 'edge-sparrow."

"And Major Owen?"

"Major Howen," repeated Johnson, in high contempt, "why he's wuss nor t'other. Ever seed an old 'en a-scratching after a worm, Mister? Ah, ye have; well, then, that's the Major; he goes on a-scratching and a-scratching after the ball and never gets his bat agin it, and puffs like a 'hadder all the time as he's a-scratching."

Knowing that the Major, whose figure was of the pursy order, was apt to get a little thick in the wind, I could not help laughing at the description. Johnson chimed in at first, and then it seemed suddenly to occur to him that perhaps he had said a little bit too much. "I say, Mister," he pleaded, "you aren't a going to let on to them as I told you. I've had my ups and downs, and now I've gotten a good place and I don't want to lose it. They're very tidy cricketers, both on 'em is, but you and me, we will have our joke, won't us?" and after favoring me with two or three violent winks he lurched off down the street.

I kept my own counsel and waited for the turn of the tide, and one afternoon the tide did turn with a vengeance. There had been a heavy shower of rain, and the redoubtable Billy, thinking that it had set in for a wet day and that his services would not be required, had regaled himself royally at the public-house. Most unfortunately for him the weather cleared up, and the afternoon was brilliantly fine. I myself happened to be lunch-

ing with the Major on this particular day, and he pinned me down to promise that I would come and have a bit of practice at the Park, if the weather held up, later on in the afternoon.

"I sha'n't take a knock myself to-day, George," he said. "I've got a little touch of lumbago; but I'll stand behind the net, and give you boys a few hints."

Johnson, who was sent for in a hurry, arrived on the ground in the quarrelsome stage of drunkenness, but he pitched the net and the stumps without any catastrophe and taking off his coat prepared to deliver the first ball. Emden, who looked anything but happy at having an additional spectator of his prowess, adopted a crouching attitude, and made a feeble hit at a ball wide on the offside, and Johnson at once fell foul of him. "Ain't you got such a thing as a cut about you," he growled, "or must you always think you're 'aymaking?"

Poor Emden smiled feebly; the Major pricked up his ears but made no remark. "Was that better?" enquired the pupil as he managed to tip the next ball.

"No," answered the tutor, "it was ten times worse. I'll tell you what it is, my covey; you'll never make a cricketer, not if you lives to be as old as Noah. Downright cruel I calls it for a man as has played county-cricket all his life to have to bowl to such a chap as you."

The Major now thought it time to interfere. "Johnson," he said with great dignity, as he walked round the corner of the net, "his lordship, Viscount Emden, is not accustomed to be addressed like that."

For a moment Johnson, who had just recovered the ball, stared at him as if trying to collect his scattered senses. Then he suddenly launched off into the very choicest Billingsgate, consigning Emden, the Major, myself, and the vil-

lage in general to a very warm region. "Larn him yourself, you old goat," he concluded, and with that he threw the ball slap at the Major's head, and walked off the ground, putting on his coat as he went.

Alas, poor Major, his face was a study! His own familiar friend, the civil-spoken and obliging Johnson, had lifted up his heel against him. Now for the first time in his life he confessed that he was wrong, and that very night came down to our house, and asked me to open negotiations with Tom Swain, whom I had originally recommended; and in a few days the practice at the Park reopened under more favorable auspices.

Tom was less outspoken in his criticisms on his pupil's progress than his predecessor. "It's a hard nut to crack, sir," was all that I could get out of him. "But there," and he added quite cheerfully, "you know as well as I do, Master George, as there ain't no royal road to cricket, but that Viscounties and Majors have to travel to it same as plain you and me."

Hitherto those chances of playing (I do not call net-practice playing) on a decent wicket, to which Tommy Lowndes and I had been looking forward, had not been vouchsafed unto us; and one day in July Tommy, who was waxing impatient, fairly tackled the Major on the subject. "Well, Major," said he, "when are we to have a match in the Park?" After a good deal of preliminary fencing the Major suggested that perhaps some time next season things would be sufficiently organized.

"Organized! Next season! I never heard such rot in my life. A cricket-match isn't exactly a campaign, is it, Major? You've got stumps and a ball and a ground, and you have practised young Pud—I mean Emden, for two whole months. What more do you want?"

"Two men won't make an eleven, Lowndes."

"Well, you can have old Swain, and that makes three. But I thought the idea was that the old girl—I mean Lady Emden—was going to have people down and get up a match or two. If the ground was only laid down for you two to practice on, it's no great catch having a decent wicket in the place."

The Major, after a few more excuses, said eventually that he would see about it, which Tommy construed as implying that a match would be fixed somewhere about the time of the Greek Kalends.

But by good luck the Lowndes family dined at the Park one day that week, and Tommy boldly attacked her Ladyship on the subject, and by representing to her that a match between the Park and the Village would establish Emden's position among the villagers, he won her over to his side, and an imperial edict was issued to the effect that such a match should take place on the August Bank Holiday. The Major did not much approve of his flank having been thus turned, but having the wisdom to recognize the truth of the proverb, *Needs must when somebody drives*, set to work to organize his eleven.

I noticed that, as the day approached, he did not seem half so confident about Emden's progress in the art of batting as he had been, nor did he talk in quite such glowing terms about his own performances. "You must not be hard upon the boy, George," he remarked to me. "You see it is his first experience of anything of the kind, and he is sure to be a bit nervous at the start. So you must let him down easy, you know. His mother would be dreadfully mortified if he did not get a few runs, and—well I think I'll send Swain to have a talk to you."

"Lor, Mr. George," said the worthy

Swain when he arrived, "this is what one would call a pretty set-out. Here's the Major a-going on and a-saying as how the Lord he must get some runs whatever happens; and how you and me is a-going to manage it beats me holler."

"Haven't you taught him anything, then?"

"Not me, nor no one else ain't a-going to teach him to bat, neither. I goes on, bowling and bowling and bowling, and he goes on 'titting and 'titting and 'titting, till we both sweats shocking. But, lor' bless your life, Mr. George, we don't seem to get no for-rader. 'Bat square, my Lord,' says I time after time, but it ain't not a mossel of good. The only thing as he have got, Mr. George, is a leg 'it as I've taught 'im. He'll 'it one in six maybe if as how she comes off right; but who's a-going to chuck up leg-balls in a match till he do 'it one?"

Who, indeed? I knew one person on my side willing to try, and that was myself; but I misdoubted my capacity, for I felt that I was not exactly the sort of bowler to pitch every ball on a sixpence, or even on a cucumber-frame. Besides, even under the most favorable conditions, I could neither bowl at both ends, nor guarantee that the leg-hitter would always remain at the same end. To be sure, there was Tommy Lowndes; he could bowl a bit and I knew that, if he did not transgress out of a sheer spirit of mischief, he could be relied upon to keep them on the leg-side. And then I thought of Abe Hollowell, the most accurate bowler we had; but I knew that, although a civil-spoken fellow enough, Abe was a thorough-paced Radical at heart, and might have conscientious objections to "letting a lord down easy."

I went to call on Abe, and opened the subject as delicately as I could, expressing a hope that he would deal

gently with the young man in consideration of Lady Emden's feelings. "You see, Abe," I urged, "her Ladyship is giving us a bank-holiday treat, and it would be a pity that she should not enjoy the day herself."

I might as well have talked to a brick wall, so obdurate was the fellow, though civil withal. "You ask me a fair thing, Mr. George," he said, "and I'll do it in welcome. But I don't hold wi' they lords, and I tells you plain that if so be as a chap don't keep his bat straight when Abe Hollowell is a-bowling at him, down goes the timber, if it were an 'Ighness let alone a lord. If so be as you wants the lad to hev a show, best let me stand down altogether, and then there won't be no bones broke;" and I thought it well thus to compound the matter.

Even Tommy Lowndes did not tumble to the idea without strong protest. "Give it a name, old chap," he said; "is it to be cricket or skittles?"

"Oh, cricket of course, except when Emden is in."

"And then skittles, I suppose. Well, I don't like it a bit, and so I tell you plainly, but I'll do it for this once and never again; young Pudding-Head must take his chance another time. But I give you fair warning that I mean to make as many runs as I can, and to bowl for all I am worth, especially at that confounded old impostor the Major."

But when it came to the point Tommy was found to be out of the question, having managed to sprain his wrist at lawn-tennis on the Saturday evening. "You be blowed!" was his answer when on the Sunday afternoon I suggested that, as it was only his left wrist that was damaged, he could still bowl, and bat one-handed. "Do you thing I'm going to stew in the field on a hot day on purpose to bowl half-volleys to leg for a young cow like that to hit?"

"Well, where can I get a man at the last moment?" I pleaded.

"Oh, I'll manage that all right for you. Our coachman's cousin is staying with him, and he'll play like a shot. He is a very decent young fellow, though he is a bit hard of hearing, and a trifle obtuse; but after all he has got as many brains as young Pudding-Head, and won't want half-volleys to leg chucked up to him. And I'll tell you what I will do for you, George, my boy; I will run the local Press for you. I know there is a reporter coming, as I have just seen the Major. I'll talk to the fellow, and we'll butter the boy a bit. I would much sooner do that than bowl half-volleys to him."

Taking everything into consideration I found that the Major had got a very fair side together. There were five visitors staying at the Park, including three schoolboys, one of whom was in the Eton eleven, and Emden's late tutor who had once been tried for Cambridge; then there were two local men who could play a bit, and the side was completed by Emden, the Major, Swain, and a raw-boned footman.

The Major won the toss, and having, for reasons best known to himself, put us in, skilfully contrived that one of our side should be all the time fielding for him. "Very sorry, George," he would say to me at intervals, "but just now there are really so many things to arrange; so just send somebody out for half an hour, that's a good fellow;" and at the end of that half hour there were other things to arrange, and so forth.

Meantime the Etonian captained the side, bowling slow at one end himself while Swain pegged away at the other. He had put Emden point, on the principle, I suppose, that if you have not got a real good point on a side, it matters little whether you have an indifferently bad or very bad fieldsman there.

The noble host [said The Overton Chronicle] fielded with his accustomed brilliancy at point, stopping several smart cuts in sound style. [It ought, as a matter of fact, to have said *smarting* cuts, as he had taken two on his shins, and one in quite another part of his body, having fled for his life, but failed to come off scathless when 'Lijah Tomkins smacked a ghastly long-hop from the slow bowler on the off-side.] Everyone on the ground sympathized with the young nobleman when he was unfortunate enough to slip and fall down in the very act of securing a most brilliant catch. It is almost a pity that the laws of our English national game should permit the offending batsman to take ungenerous advantage of an obvious accident. But it has truly been said, the age of chivalry is past.

What exactly happened was that the great 'Lijah, hitting blindly at a half-volley on the off side, made a tremendous teapot stroke, and Emden, seeing that he was expected to catch it, went on circling round and round while the ball was up in the air till he finally sat down hard from sheer giddiness, while the ball dropped a yard behind the back of his head. The "offending batsman" so far profited by the "obvious accident" that he made another forty runs before he retired for a hard-hit seventy, rather more than half our total score.

At the conclusion of our innings we had a capital luncheon, provided from the big house, and as the Major felt bound, in lieu of fielding, to provide us with two or three speeches, it was almost half-past three before the game was resumed.

I had hoped that the Major might go in first, but he preferred, as he put it, to reserve himself for an emergency. Runs did not come at a great pace, but I was rather nervous at having to go on to bowl with the telegraph-board showing one hundred for five wickets and the Etonian well set. However, as

Emden was emerging from the tent and had to take the first ball of a fresh over, there was nothing for it but to oust 'Lijah and take the ball.

I must admit that, so far as politeness went, the Lord left nothing to be desired. He was affable to a degree, shaking hands with the wicket-keeper, point (my old friend Johnny Dawes, of course), and short-slip. Then he took guard, assumed a crouching attitude and prepared to receive the first ball. I still look back with a feeling of honest pride at my own bowling that day. For three consecutive overs did that fickle jade fortune elect that Emden should be the opposing batsman, and I really and truly did manage to bowl fifteen consecutive balls to leg. Fifteen times did his Lordship extend his left leg in the orthodox fashion and hit out manfully, and though he never once struck within a foot of the ball he puffed and perspired profusely. He had a bit of running to do in the meanwhile on his partner's account, and as the method he adopted consisted in putting his head down and charging like a bullock, he eventually collided with the Etonian, who had to retire run out. "You are a great goat, Dicky!" was all that the much injured individual said, and albeit this was a rather disrespectful way of speaking to a lord, it might have been something worse.

Now as Tim Reesby, our empire, had thought fit to signify his disapproval of my bowling by snorting loudly at the end of each over, which put me off a bit, and as Emden really looked as if he might have an apoplectic seizure at any moment, my evil genius at last suggested that I should take myself off. But who to put on? Not 'Lijah—he was quite capable of bowling either lord or commoner in the "stummick" (to use his own phraseology), rather a favorite habit of his; not the Curate, who was sure to be nervous and so might bowl straight; not Johnny

Dawes, because he bowled very slow and straight lobs, which must have been fatal. I looked round in despair, and it was then that I caught the eye of Lowndes's coachman's cousin.

"Do you bowl at all?" I asked him. He nodded. "Then will you go on at this end?" And I added, whispering in his ear, "Not fast and on the leg side, you understand;" and as he nodded twice and winked at me, I thought that he did grasp the position. And then, if the obtuse beast did not take a short run, and deliver at a most unholy pace a yorker which pitched slap on the end of the Lord's toe!

I once heard a man swear for five minutes straight on end under similar provocation, so that I account it to the Lord's credit that he only uttered one loud yell as he dropped his bat and hopped about holding up the injured member. Finally he collapsed from sheer exhaustion and sat down in the middle of the pitch, nursing his foot and wearing a look of concentrated agony on his countenance.

At this juncture his Lordship, who had given a sound exhibition of defensive cricket, received a severe blow on the foot in attempting to glide a fast ball to leg. The company were convulsed with horror. (*The Overton Chronicle.*)

There certainly was no lack of sympathy on our part, Johnny Dawes even going so far as to suggest that "perhaps his Lordship would like to take off his boot and show it to us," his belief in the efficacy of "showing" as a cure being based on the fact that on one occasion Mrs. Dawes had derived much benefit from exhibiting a gathered foot to half of the parish in turns. Moreover sundry emissaries arrived on the scene of action from the ladies' tent, headed by the Major, who, having but an imperfect knowledge of the nature of the accident, brought out

a stiff glass of brandy and water. This the illustrious sufferer declined, but it was not exactly wasted, 'Lijah annexing it on the ground that the sight of a "haccident allus made his innards feel queer." The Major looked dubious, but did not like to refuse, though he seemed to think it unnecessary that 'Lijah should drain the glass.

"I say, mate," remarked that worthy to Johnny Dawes in an audible whisper, "don't I wish as all they lords was centipedes and I had to bowl at them for a week together."

Her Ladyship's own maid came next with a bottle of smelling-salts, and something to say about a litter, the effect of which was rather spoilt by the Etonian, who, having also come out to see what the matter was, remarked that they had better fetch a perambulator while they were about it.

"I don't think you can possibly go on with your innings, my dear boy," suggested the Major, scowling at the Etonian.

"Well, I don't know," said Emden doubtfully.

"Which he ain't got no innings to go on with," struck in a new voice, the bowler's; "he's out, leg afront." "Right across the wicket his foot were," added the umpire, to whom in the general confusion the bowler had apparently appealed.

"Pretty sharp practice that, George," exclaimed the Major viciously, though I am perfectly satisfied that in his heart of hearts he was not a little relieved that the Lord's discomfiture might now be easily ascribed to an umpire's incompetence. "Come along, my dear boy, let me give you an arm."

Never was the truth of the French proverb *noblesse oblige* more aptly vindicated. His Lordship, gallantly insisting upon conforming with the strict letter of the law, and refusing to continue his interrupted innings, limped painfully off the ground, a willing vic-

tim of an umpire's gross ignorance or obvious partiality. The bowler, we had occasion to notice, had the grace to feel thoroughly ashamed of his own share in this iniquitous transaction. (The Overton Chronicle.)

For by dint of shouting in his ear, I had with some difficulty convinced Lowndes's coachman's cousin of the heinous nature of his conduct. To give the devil his due I found that my friend was only very obtuse and very hard of hearing rather than ill-natured. "Why, I thought," he said scratching his head vigorously, "as I were to bowl fast at his leg. Anyways I seed you a-firing at it."

"Go and tell his Lordship that it was all a mistake," I urged.

But I cannot say that his mode of explanation tended to improve matters. "It were a magnificent ball, my Lord," he kept vociferating as he pursued the retreating Emden; "it were no disgrace to any man in England to get out to a ball like that."

"Yes, a very good ball, I think," replied the victim.

"It were a magnificent ball, my Lord. It curled a lot."

"It hurt a lot," mildly suggested Emden.

"That were the spin, my Lord; every ball 'as spins."

"Oh, do hold your tongue, sir, please," interrupted the Major. "Lord Emden is in great pain."

But Lowndes's coachman's cousin scratched his head and for the moment looked happy. He would like to have explained more about the spin, but at this moment Lady Emden came out of the tent to meet the procession.

"What do you want, man?" she said crossly.

He brightened up at once. "I were just a-telling his Lordship," he began.

"Who are you and what do you want?" repeated her Ladyship.

"Please, my lady, I am Mr. Lowndes's

coachman's cousin, as is staying with him, and I—"

"Then you don't belong to the village, and I don't quite see why you are in my grounds at all; but I will talk to Major Owen about that. If Mr. Lowndes's coachman is really your cousin, go at once to him and ask him to bring his carriage, which I see there, to take Lord Emden to the house; I am sure Mr. Lowndes won't mind."

The match only lasted for a few minutes after the unprincipled bowler's return. Being now allowed to work his wicked will, he soon got two more wickets, and as the Major was unfortunately an absentee the innings came to an abrupt conclusion.

Thus, owing to the unwarrantable introduction of a stranger (whom we have strong reasons to suspect of being a professional cricketer) into what was evidently intended to be a friendly encounter, a lamentable accident occurred, and the village was enabled by unworthy means to claim an unex-

Macmillan's Magazine.

pected victory, if that can indeed be called a victory at all when one valuable member of a side is disabled, and another so infinitely disgusted with the whole proceedings that he declined to wield the willow. Alas that our local cricket should have fallen to so low an ebb! (*The Overton Chronicle.*)

"What the devil made you put all that rot in, Tommy?" I asked angrily when on the following Saturday I read this concluding paragraph. "The rest was bad enough, but that is a bit too strong."

"I had nothing whatever to do with it," was the answer. "Either the Major got at the beggar later on, or he was riled because when the match ended in a fizzle they carted all the liquor back to the house."

From the tone which the Major thought fit to adopt to me when I mentioned the subject of the match, I think that Tommy's first suggestion was probably correct.

MADemoisELLE DE LESPINASSE.

When some student of the heart gathers together the love stories of the world he must not forget the letters of *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*.

Mademoiselle lives, and will live, not as the most brilliant and sympathetic leader of the brilliant society of France before the Revolution, not as the mistress of d'Alembert, the confidante of Turgot, or the hostess of the philosophers, the Encyclopædists, and the Académiciens, but as the woman who sounded all the depths and shoals of emotion and left behind her a correspondence which is still warm with life and wet with tears—an immortal picture of passion.

Mademoiselle's beginning is like her ending—like her youth and her womanhood—a storm. The mother who bears her in shame and secrecy weeps over her and loves her with that ungoverned affection which can bring nothing but misery. She is baptized in a false name—entered, with an exact duplicity which deceives nobody, in the baptismal register dated Lyons, 1732, as the legitimate daughter of the Sieur Claude Lespinasse, *bourgeois*, and Julie Navare. Her real mother, the Comtesse d'Albon, though she can't own her as her child, takes the little creature not the less to her home in the old manor house of Avanches, where she is living apart

from her husband. The little Julie has as companion the eight-year-old Camille, the Comtesse's son and heir. Is it safe to suppose that the children—equally innocent though not equally fortunate—play together happily for a while? or must one rather think that that passionate and restless nature which is to ruin an older Mademoiselle Lespinasse makes even her childhood wayward, fretful and unsatisfied?

She speaks many years after of her mother's affection for her, of the impulsive and sorrowful tenderness which tries to make up to the child for that fatal stain on her birth—for the future which such a beginning must bring. The little girl is surely still very young when she finds out that there is some difference—a fatal difference, which a child feels all the more because it cannot understand—between her brother and herself. The Comtesse "heaps her with benefits." She educates her herself with an "excellent education." She does everything in her power to make wrong come right.

Mademoiselle is sixteen years old when her mother dies and leaves her, worse than an orphan, to the tender mercies of the world.

It is from this time the girl dates all her sorrows. But they begin earlier. They begin with herself. When she looks round her condition is deplorable enough. The considerable sum the Comtesse has left her she has given, with an impulsive generosity quite unwise and characteristic, to Camille. Perhaps she reflects he has more right to it than she has—or never reflects at all. She finds herself almost a beggar. She has indeed brilliant talents, but not the talents that earn a livelihood in any time, and certainly not in her time. She is very quick, bright, and impetuous. Not a person for a subordinate position, this. She has grown up into a tall slip of a girl, not at all pretty, but with something even

now in her face beside which beauty leaves one cold. She is so impressionable, so sensitive, a brilliant creature with her nerves so highly strung and her heart so warm, rebellious and imprudent, that one does not need to be very clever to guess that when the Marquise de Vichy Chamrond (the Comtesse's legitimate daughter and Julie's senior by many years) offers her a home in her house, where she is to teach her little boys, and by no means forget she has no legal right to call her sister, the situation will be wholly impossible. But Julie has no choice but to take it. Perhaps she does not know as yet that the Marquise, though more than kin, is less than kind. And she has herself such a charming sympathetic affection for children! "They have so many graces, so much tenderness, so much nature," she writes long after. She takes those small nephews to her heart at once, and when she has long parted from their parents in anger and bitterness remembers the little boys with a fond affection.

The Vichy Chamronds have a great house on the Loire. They naturally don't want this brilliant poor relation. They show her that they don't want her. But they are afraid of letting her go elsewhere. If she is generous, they are not. They are suspicious of her ridiculous liberality to Camille. Does she want to thrust herself in among them and claim her mother's name? They accuse her, very likely, of subterfuge and meanness of which their hearts are capable but not hers. How she bears that galling servitude for five years is a marvel. "I could tell you things from my own experience," says she, looking back at this period of her life, "that you will not find in the wildest romances of Prévost or of Richardson . . . and that would give you a horror of the human species." In every utterance of Mademoiselle's one must allow for ex-

aggragation. Her emotions are always at fever heat, and her language as undisciplined as her nature. But it remains a fact that she has decided to leave her only home and enter a convent, when Madame du Deffand, the sister of the Marquis, comes to the house for a long summer visit.

Mademoiselle falls in love immediately with this brilliant old woman, and Madame falls in love with her. They are both so clever, so impulsive, so romantic! The delightfulness of their sudden fine schemes of living together is only heightened by the Vichy Chamronds' opposition. Madame is threatened with blindness, and really needs a companion. No one ever appeals to Julie's sympathies in vain. She has never in her life been anything so dull as judicious or far-seeing, and has the warmest heart in the world. She can't but feel, too, that for her any change must be for the better.

A few days before her final rupture with the Vichy Chamronds she receives Madame du Deffand's written proposal that she shall live with her in Paris. She goes to Lyons and exists somehow on the "cent écus" which is her whole fortune while the final arrangements are being made, the objections of Camille and the Vichy Chamronds being overcome, and Madame du Deffand trying to be cool and judicial and discuss the matter soberly with her friends. One can fancy the delights, fears, hopes, rising in Mademoiselle's heart. She is now twenty-two years old. The girl, who feels within herself a power and brilliancy not given to one woman in a thousand, is to be the companion of the mistress of one of the most famous Salons in Paris, and to associate daily with the most accomplished society in the world. What is there left to desire?

The history of that *ménage* in the Convent St. Joseph is from the first not a little strange. All the wit of

the wittiest capital in Europe gathers round two women, one of whom is old and blind and the other an obscure and nameless dependent, who has neither beauty nor fame. Madame rises very late, and receives after nine o'clock at night. Mademoiselle has her little chamber "de derrière." Here in her many solitary hours she cultivates her mind, with Locke, Tacitus, Montesquieu, Montaigne, Racine, La Fontaine, Voltaire; reads and re-reads and reads once more her dearest Richardson and the inimitable Prévost; and cultivates a boundless enthusiasm for Rousseau. When is it that the men whom to know is a liberal education first discover that Mademoiselle is something better even than a divinely sympathetic listener? When is it that Mademoiselle first begins to neglect her duty to her benefactress, and forget that she is here to please Madame rather than Madame's friends? There is no woman in the world perhaps who would be superior to the delight of subjugating, by a charm which has no need of beauty, such men as Turgot, Marmontel, Hénault, and d'Alembert. Or if there is such a woman, it is certainly not Mademoiselle. These men meet her soon upon equal terms. Between five and six o'clock in the evening Mademoiselle holds in that famous little chamber "de derrière" her own Salon, composed of Madame's adherents, and while Madame sleeps.

She has lived with her employer ten years—and deceived her how many there is no means of finding out—when one day the Marquise, waking earlier than usual, comes to Mademoiselle's room and discovers all.

One can picture the scene very well. Here are Hénault, who has been the old woman's lover, and d'Alembert, who has been as her son—the pride, joy, tenderness, of her age. Here is the company who once hung on her words, who sought inspiration from

her lips, and found in her sympathy sufficient. And in their midst, with light in her eyes, ardor and animation on her face, is Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

This is, as it must needs be, the end of all things.

The two women reproach each other bitterly. Mademoiselle is not a little hysterical. She takes enough opium to ruin her nerves for the rest of her life, and to make her fancy herself dying. When Madame comes to her bedside, "Il est trop tard," says the Lespinasse, with her tragic instinct. It is too late for any reconciliation to be possible. The older and wiser woman recognizes that from the first. Mademoiselle takes rooms not very far from the Convent St. Joseph, and now once more she faces the world alone.

It is during those ten years that the influence which is to mould and then shatter her life has first come to her. Mademoiselle falls in love. It is said that a certain Irishman who visits at Madame du Deffand's is her earliest passion. It may be so. But it is undoubtedly a fact that for the last seven years of her residence with the Marquise she is attached to d'Alembert. How can they help caring for each other? There is so much to draw them together. They are both, writes d'Alembert, without parents, without relatives, and from their birth have experienced neglect, suffering, injustice. D'Alembert, too, is one of the most celebrated men of his age, already a member of the Academy of Sciences, of the *Académie Française*, and to be before long its perpetual secretary and the recognized chief of the Encyclopædists. And he is also, it may be added, one of those inconsequent, sensitive geniuses, as little able to look after himself as a child, and with the same appeal that a child has to a woman's heart. Mademoiselle must

be in her early twenties when they first meet.

Que de défauts elle a, ette jeunesse!
On l'aime avec ces défauts-là!

quotes d'Alembert long after, looking back at this spring-time. She loves him with that *abandon* and that passionate sincerity which make her love irresistible. The rooms she has taken are too far from the house where he lodges for her impetuosity. She endures the separation for something less than a year. Then d'Alembert falls ill. Mademoiselle flings prudence to the winds forever, goes to him in the hotel in the Boulevard du Temple, nurses him back to health, and brings him home with her.

From this point one must not look into her history for any such dull steadfast things as self-restraint, honor, decency. The torrent of her passions seizes her and sweeps her to ruin. She is not designedly bad. She is not designedly anything. Her impulses and desires are her rudder, and her shipwreck none the less disastrous for that.

Writing of the early days of this *ménage*, Mademoiselle says that her happiness frightens her.

There seem indeed—suppose one leaves out duty and conscience, and this pair leave them out quite comfortably—to be but few drawbacks. Only David Hume, the historian, passing through Paris and coming to see them, speaks bluntly of Mademoiselle by a name which she deserves too well. The rest of her acquaintance with that careful self-deceit which is so damning a characteristic of the age, conveniently accepts the intimacy as perfectly innocent, and visits Mademoiselle exactly as before.

It is a little while before d'Alembert joins her, and in the year 1764, that she opens her Salon in her little rooms in the Rue de Belle Chasse. She is now thirty-two years old. She is cer-

tainly not more beautiful than she was as a girl. If the emotions age, she must look greatly older than she is. She has known so many! But her face, that never was young, has a thousand varying expressions to describe her soul, and her heart, which is never old, such warm enthusiasms, such generous indignations, and such an abundance of life and feeling, as, says one of her lovers, would make marble sensitive and matter think.

Her gatherings can hardly need the additional attraction of a d'Alembert even. Those who come presently to see him, stay to listen to her. The chief of all the Encyclopædists, and the most brilliant talker of his age, may be well content to be second to the woman who but a little while ago was nobody and nothing, and who now, by the power of her mind and the charm of her nature, has all witty Paris at her feet.

It is extraordinary to think that this woman, or any woman, can command such an assemblage almost every night for nearly twelve years. She does not even give the little suppers that help Madame du Deffand's Mondays, or the little dinners of Madame Geoffrin. Should she by any chance go into the country or to the theatre, all Paris knows beforehand. Before five she receives her intimates—listens, as only Mademoiselle can listen, to Turgot's plans of reform, or to the hopes of Chastellux for his coming election. After five all the world is admitted.

The meanest *habités* of this Salon are the flower of intellectual France of the eighteenth century. Here come courtiers, philosophers, soldiers, churchmen. Here are Bernardin de St. Pierre and La Harpe. Here one listens to those splendid theories on humanity and the Rights of Men which, put into practice, end in the Terror. Here are evolved some of the principles of that Revolution which is to destroy

first of all the class who evolve them. Here one reads aloud the last play and the latest poem. One may be grave or gay as one chooses. There is all the good in the world, thinks Mademoiselle, in a little mirth and lightness. She holds in her slight hands the threads of a dozen widely differing conversations, and has the supreme gift of being to every one exactly what he wishes her to be.

Can't one fancy her, very tall and slight, moving through the crowded rooms with her little dog at her side, stopping to speak now to this man and now to that, with her heart always in what she says, a little impetuous in speech, keenly sensitive to the lightest change in the social atmosphere, very natural, very animated, very quick? When people talk to her they never feel how clever she is, but how clever they are. It is Gilbert who says of her that she seems to know the secret of all characters and the measure of every one's mind.

Is it some fine scheme for the good of the people this group are discussing? It must be, by the upturned face, eager and tender, with which Mademoiselle listens to them. She moves in a few minutes to another little *coterie* which is philosophic or metaphysical perhaps; and Mademoiselle has a passion for abstruse thought. Over here they are talking music, or art. The woman of whom it is said that she can appreciate perfectly, each in its degree, a Rubens or the little dead bird of Houdon, the famous painter on enamel, brings into this conversation, as she brings into all conversations, the warmth of human emotions and the vivid charm of her inimitable personality. Her contemporaries unite in speaking of her, as hostess and friend, with such a glow of enthusiasm that after more than a hundred years one still feels for her something of the passion they did.

It is in 1767, and only three years after she has given herself to d'Alembert, that Mademoiselle falls violently in love—with the Marquis de Mora. The Marquis is Spanish, ardent, chivalrous, and five-and-twenty. Mademoiselle is ten years older. But what does that matter? Passion has no age, and, it may be added, no sense of humor. With the Southern blood of de Mora on the one side, and the vehemence of Mademoiselle on the other, it would be vain to expect self-restraint from either of them. The peaceful d'Alembert is quickly swept aside by the rush of their feelings. His only use soon is to listen to the story—though not all the story—of Mademoiselle's devotion to his rival. When de Mora comes back from Ferney, where he has been visiting Voltaire, she flings herself into his arms with a delirious self-abandonment. The fever of this attachment lasts for five years, during which Mademoiselle never knows a rational moment. Then de Mora, with the seeds of a fatal complaint already within him, has to go back to Spain.

They part in an agony of despair. It is d'Alembert who fetches his rival's letters and brings them to Mademoiselle directly she is awake. And it is to d'Alembert that she leaves as a legacy her papers containing the history of the episode and the certain proofs of her faithlessness to him.

What a pitiful story it is! One is hardly surprised to hear that Mademoiselle does not wait for de Mora's death to betray him in his turn. Before that news reaches her Guibert is her lover, and the first wild hours of a new passion have robbed her of the last tattered shreds of her self-respect. Guibert is soldier, author, philosopher—the man of whom Voltaire says “qu'il veut aller à la gloire par tous les chemins.”

It is in her own Salon Mademoiselle

has first met him. He is known to every one by his “*Essai sur la Tactique*” and his military feats in Corsica; and half the women in Paris listen, worshipping, while he reads aloud his new tragedy, “*Le Connétable de Bourbon*.” With his connection with Mademoiselle begins the correspondence by which she lives.

The letters are from the first, a cry. The mental attitude of the woman who writes them to Guibert, from the house of d'Alembert, and in terms of an ecstatic devotion for de Mora, may well baffle the student of human nature. Yet there is not a page of Mademoiselle's wild outbursts which does not bear upon it the undeniable stamp of a vehement sincerity. Her attachment to d'Alembert has no doubt cooled before this into friendship. But her very first letter unites a headlong devotion to Guibert with a passionate love for de Mora and a wild remorse for the fatality (Mademoiselle calls it a fatality) that made her false to him. It is not too much to say that of these letters there is not one quiet, sane, or prudent. Though they are written in that purest French in which Mademoiselle thinks and talks, they are in no sense a literary composition. They are only the bared heart of that unhappy woman who says of herself, “*Mon Dieu! que la passion m'est naturelle, et que la raison m'est étrangère!*”

Guibert is travelling in Germany when she begins writing to him, not because he is obliged to travel, but because he prefers it apparently to being in Paris with her. She writes to him constantly. She is never quite sure of him, as it were. Does she remember too often for her peace that she is forty years old, and has neither beauty nor innocence to give him? Her letters are full of devotion, indeed; but then they are full too of self-reproach—and of M. de Mora. This woman has no subtlety. If it needs art to keep her lover, she will

not keep him. The thought of him is with her always. While her passions last, they are meat, drink, air, light, life to her. Even in her Salon—"From the moment one loves," she says, "success becomes a weariness. A-t-on besoin de plaire quand on est aimée." The emotions of the last years have already begun to undermine her health. She is thinner and paler and older-looking now than ever. With d'Alembert she is not a little difficult and capricious—full of those impatient imperfections which first make him love her and keep him weakly faithful to the end. She has known Guilbert but a very little while when the inevitable punishment of such a connection falls, as always, upon the woman. The excess of her devotion bores him. He must have a little recreation, after all. There is a certain Monsieur de Courcelles—with a daughter. Every reader knows the end of that story.

Mademoiselle receives it, not the less, with a shriek. One can see her face, wild, haggard and despairing, through the reproaches she writes him. "You have made me know all the torments of the damned," she says; "repentance, hatred, jealousy, remorse, self-contempt." And Guilbert answers to tell her of that other person whom he has found, "pretty, gentle, sensitive, who loves me and whom I am created to love." There is no cruelty so complete and so selfish as the cruelty of a great happiness.

On September 23, 1775, Mademoiselle writes to Guilbert: "Perhaps one never consoles oneself for great humiliations. I wish that your marriage shall make you as happy as it has made me wretched;" and then, "You are married; you have loved, love, will love, one whose brightness and strength of feeling have long endeared her to you; that is in order, nature, duty; and who would trouble your joy with questionings must be fool indeed. Quand une fois le

fil de la vérité a été rompu, il ne faut pas le rajouter; cela va toujours mal."

Her health is by now utterly broken and wretched. It is her part to stand by and watch the happiness which has ruined hers. She is long past pride, past dignity, past honor. She goes on writing constantly to the man who has abandoned her, conscious that she wearies and burdens him—bitter in her reproaches and her self-reproach—and contemptuous of the wasted love she is not noble enough to hide. Her body is racked by cough and fever. But the soul which frets it to decay has the brilliancy of the last flame. She still receives her friends, has still that tender interest, that perfect understanding, that divine sympathy which are hers alone. She is in bed all day sometimes, with her misery soothed by opium, and gets up at night to listen to this man's hopes of a noble future, to splendid enthusiasms which are to redeem the world. One last flicker of self-respect comes to her before she dies. She will no longer ask Guilbert to come and see her. Sickness and sorrow are so dull! "Point de sacrifice, mon ami; les malades repoussent les efforts; ils leur font si peu!"

She would not be Mademoiselle if that good resolution lasted and her pride triumphed over her passion to the end.

She asks d'Alembert's pardon before she dies. But the last words she writes are to Guilbert: "Adieu, mon ami. Si jamais je revenois à la vie, j'aimerois encore à l'employer à vous aimer; mais il n'y a plus de temps."

Before such a tragedy as this life one may well pause. What is this woman? A sinner. But if there ever was a sinner in the world unmeet for compassion, it is not Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

She says of herself with a bitter truth that everything is against her. Her birth of shame gives to her, as to too

many other creatures so born, a fatal heritage of vehement passions, without the strength to control them. Her upbringing does not help her. Injustice maddens her. Her splendid mental gifts bring her under the potent charm of those specious philosophies which are enthusiastic for a virtue more than half confused with vice, and of philosophers who appear to think that so long as they talk finely they may live contemptibly. Her quick impulses and "the most inflammable imagination since Sappho" lead her to deeper ruin. She is capable of remorse, and not of amendment; of noble ideas, without the steadfastness to carry them into action. She is the ship without ballast; without compass; without chart; tossed by every wild gust of feeling; no anchor to hold her; no port to make for; and at the helm, no guide.

She points, indeed, her own moral. She sells her soul for happiness, and gains fever, wretchedness and despair. Her passions hide, even from her dreams, that better love in whose serene depths are mirrored peace, honor and content; faithful affection for husband and children; the quiet striving after all things great; a noble life, and a happy death. D'Alembert, for whom she has long ceased to care, is true to her; de Mora dies; Guilbert is false (his fine "Eloge d'Eliza" rings as hollow as d'Alembert's "Lament" rings true). Her letters are only so many witnesses to her tragedy. It is she who speaks of "cette maladie si lente et si cruelle qu'on nomme la vie." "I have proved

the truth of what Rousseau says: 'There are moments in life which have neither words nor tears.'" "How misery concentrates! One wants so little when one has lost all." "Diderot is right; it is only the unhappy who know how to love;" and "To love and be loved is the happiness of heaven; when one has known it and lost it, there remains but to die."

She stands out, in brief, as one of the saddest instances in history of the disaster that must needs ensue where the paramount idea of life is not duty—that duty which can make the most unfortunate passion not all ignoble, and teach one to build on the ruins of one's own hopes a temple meet for the gods.

She stands out, too, as one of the most extraordinary social figures of the most remarkable social epoch the world has seen. She rises from nothing. She has no money. ("It is only the bored and the stupid who need to be rich," says she.) She has very bad health; and her lover, though he speaks of her as having that in her face beside which beauty is a "cold perfection," speaks not the less frankly of her *laideur*. Yet as long as the Salon is remembered, so long will be remembered the woman who ruled hers by the power of exquisite sympathy and the most womanly genius that ever woman had. And so long as there exists unrequited or misplaced affection, sin, suffering and disappointment, so long will the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse make their appeal to the heart.

S. G. Tallentyre.

THREE BALLADS FROM THE PUNJABI.

I.

"Tell me, Mistress, who will marry you, Mistress, marry you?"

"Khaka, my lady, he will marry me, lady, marry me.

He has two yoke of oxen, sturdy to hoe,

And four for the well-wheel; his land lies low,

And the scent of his locks mocks the roses that grow

In the gardens of Persia. Khaka will marry me, lady, marry me."

"When death comes, Mistress, who will carry you, Mistress, carry you?"

"My sons, if Allah is gracious, they will carry me, lady, carry me;

One at my feet and one at my head;

If Allah gives children, there's peace for the dead,

For the lights will be lit, and the prayers will be said.

God pity the sonless. My sons will carry me, lady, carry me."

II.

Where does the cuckoo sleep, baby? Down by the great stone tank,

Where the lizards bask in the sunshine, and the monkeys play on the bank.

Where does the peacock sleep, baby? Out in the jungle grass,

Where the jackals howl in the evening, and the parrots scream as they pass.

What does the peacock drink, baby? Cream from somebody's cup,

And if somebody isn't careful, the peacock will drink it all up.

What does the cuckoo drink, baby? Milk from somebody's pan,

So run to stop the rascal as quick as ever you can.

What does the cuckoo eat, baby? Candy, and all that's nice,

And great round balls of brown sugar, speckled with silver and spice.

What does the peacock eat, baby? Lollipops all day long,

But baby must go to sleep now, for this is the end of the song.

III.

We came: The dust-storm brought us; who knows where the dust was born?

Behind the curtains of heaven and the courts of the silver morn.

The First Principles of Nescience.

We go where the dust-storm whirls us, loose leaves blown one
by one

Through the light towards the shadows of evening down the
tracks of the sloping sun.

We are blown of the dust that is many and we rest in the
dust that is one.

We have pitched our tents, we feast and we play on the shift-
ing sands of life;

We are drunk all day with the things of this world, with
laughter and love and strife.

Friends come and friends go, but Death's sentry waits, and
the last long march must be done,

For the camel-bells tinkle, the load must be strapped, and we
fare forth friendless alone

Out into the Western darkness that shrouds the last rays of
the sun.

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THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NESCIENCE.

Our British incapacity for philosophy was markedly shown upwards of a generation ago by the reception given to the late Dean Mansel's speculations as to the Absolute and Infinite. A religious Daniel was come to judgment to show to unbelievers the error of their ways. We doubt not that Dean Mansel was a sincere believer, but it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that his celebrated book was more likely to lead to athelism than any work ever written in this country. John Stuart Mill immediately pointed that out, and declared with that noble courage and sincerity which were a part of his inmost being that a Deity with a fundamentally different moral nature from that of man, a Deity with whom man could have no moral relations, was for him no Deity at all. And for this absolutely true declaration Mill was villified and driven from political life, while Mansel was hailed as a great defender of the faith. Seldom, if ever, from the intellectual point of view have we English made ourselves so ridiculous.

We are reminded of that famous controversy by the appearance of the sixth edition of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" (London: Williams and Norgate, 16s.), on the issue of which we may all, without distinction of philosophic creed, congratulate the veteran thinker whose single-minded devotion to thought and truth recalls the days of Greek philosophy and puts to the blush an age so dominated by practical materialism as our own. For Mr. Spencer starts his entire philosophical system by "carrying a step further the doctrine put into shape by Hamilton and Mansel; pointing out the various directions in which science leads to the same conclusions." Such is really the main achievement of Mr. Spencer,—the development on new lines of Mansel's agnostic philosophy.

To Mr. Spencer, as a first principle, there are two worlds, a known and an unknown, the latter of which he assures us is also unknowable—a stretch of dogmatic assertion which is imposing in its magnificent sweep. The known world

is that which is the object of science, while religion has to content itself with the unknown and unknowable. The question inevitably arises,—What, then, is the use of religion, seeing that it has no objective content? It can but be a mere subjective emotion, nothing more. But to Mr. Spencer both science and religion approximate in a conviction purely negative; that there is a great Cause, but that it is inscrutable. Religion appears to Mr. Spencer in its ultimate form as “belief in a Power which transcends Knowledge;” this is “that fundamental element in Religion which survives all its changes of form.” On the side of science there is ultimately the recognition of a “persistent force” which “unifies all concrete interpretations.” It is, it seems, a belief in this universal X, this unknown quantity, this unknown and unknowable Absolute, which affords the sole possible reconciliation of science and religion. These are the very first of the first principles of the Spencerian philosophy.

Mr. Spencer's scientific attainments are as vast and admirably displayed as his religious consciousness is weak. How any thinker of his calibre could suppose that such an empty formula could furnish the world with a reconciliation between religion and science it is indeed difficult to comprehend. Mr. Spencer has studied the external aspects of the world's religions, but he seems to have no conception of their inward aim and meaning, while he has exactly reversed the real course of religious evolution. Instead of the religious consciousness coming ultimately to Mr. Spencer's conclusion that “the Power which the Universe manifests to us is inscrutable” (note, by the way, the admission that the Divine Power is manifested in the visible universe, a very “palpable hit” at Mr. Spencer's dualism), it is precisely from that standpoint that mankind started. It is the primitive man who finds the universe

a great object of terror because the Power behind it is to him inscrutable. To the religious mind the world in its development is a veritable revelation of this Power; it affords an ever-growing insight into its methods and aims, and so through ages of history renders man more at home in the universe. Without entering into the question of the direct revelation of God which all Christians believe has been made in the person, life, and death of Christ, and which has brought God and man into intimate union, it may be laid down as certain that what may be called natural religion, founding itself on the records of Nature and humanity, has arrived at a conclusion which may be stated in the Apostolic words that “the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen from the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead.” Our human personality grows through experience; to the inscrutable Power of Mr. Spencer, which must be conscious, or it could never have developed consciousness in us, all experience, past, present and to come, is unrolled; and in proportion as our experience grows and our inner life grows also do we enter into deeper relations with the Power that formed our being. That may be all a delusion, but at least it is the view taken by the expanding religious consciousness, and it therefore makes against the conception that science is to be reconciled to religion by an emptying of all religious content save the one barren conviction that the object of religious consciousness is inscrutable. Mr. Spencer has read history backwards.

Professor John Watson, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and other critics have dealt in so masterly a fashion with the worship of the “Unknown God” that it is hardly necessary for us to add to what they have so well said. Religion is not a passionless recognition of an unknown Power. It is

an attempt to enter into relations with that Power, it involves prayer, adoration, and therefore a belief that there is such a degree of common nature between that Power and oneself as to render real communication possible. The worship, "mostly of the silent sort, at the altar of the unknown and unknowable," which Professor Huxley commended, is a perfectly useless expenditure of mental and moral energy, if there is any expenditure at all. As well might an Australian savage attempt to converse on philosophy with Mr. Spencer himself. The mind of Mr. Spencer is "inscrutable" to the savage; there is absolutely no medium of communication, and so all is a barren, dumb show. If God is unknown and unknowable to man, then religion has no *raison d'être*, and the sole way of "reconciling" such a bloodless entity to science will be similar to that suggested by the American humorist as to the lamb and the lion. Religion will lie down inside the voracious body of science. Whatever, therefore, Mr. Spencer may or may not have accomplished, he has certainly not succeeded in reconciling science and religion.

Among other of the "first principles" of Mr. Spencer, we recognize his conclusion that "we have a veritable revelation in science—a continuous disclosure of the established order of the Universe." This is Mr. Spencer's "known" universe, and we assume that, in this

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great ocean of nescience, we have at length, after much buffeting with the waves, reached the secure land of knowledge. But Mr. Spencer's solid land is as truly a mirage as any that ever cheated weary travellers in the desert. For we are told that ultimate scientific ideas "are all representatives of realities that cannot be comprehended." The man of science, "more than any other, truly *knows* that in its ultimate nature nothing can be known." In the words of Pope, "universal darkness buries all." Science is no more to be depended on, save for empirical purposes, than religion; we do not know, for all our probing and analysis, the real universe at all, but only a merely subjective representation, dignified, to save appearances, by the title of "relativity of knowledge." The formidable array of knowledge and argument, the wide survey of man and Nature, only leads to universal nescience. Such is the philosophy offered to us at the close of this century. After this conclusion we confess that we can find but little in the final evolution formula: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." If we do not and cannot know what matter and motion in their true sense are, this sentence is nothing but words.

THE SULTAN'S JUBILEE.

The ruler of the Turkish Empire is about to celebrate his succession to the throne of that realm by a series of festivities in which the Representatives of Foreign Powers at the Porte are asked and expected to "assist," as the French phrase has it. The fleets of the Pow-

ers lying in the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are, it is said, to be illuminated, and no pains or expense will be spared to provide a splendid spectacle in what is probably the finest natural site in the world. The prospect, we candidly confess, is not a pleasant one

in view of the character and exploits of Sultan Abdul Hamid. We are, of course, well aware of the fact that the *de facto* ruler of any State cannot be ignored or thrust aside on account of his character. Most intelligent and honest people in England strongly disapproved of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, but the French, having accepted the accomplished fact and ratified an usurping power, it was not for us, or any other nation, to do aught but recognize that power, and even to enter into friendly relations with it. We do not, of course, intend to compare France with Turkey, or Louis Napoleon with Abdul Hamid. All that we are saying is that some diplomatic intercourse is inevitable with the worst of rulers, and that etiquette may practically compel a nation to extend formal courtesies on some special occasion, even when the heart goes not with the hand.

We think that, so far as England is concerned—probably so far as Europe generally is concerned, with the possible exception of Germany—no pleasure or even self-respect will be felt in congratulating the present Sultan on having enjoyed during all these years opportunity for so much mischief and maladministration of what might, and ought to be, one of the most flourishing regions on the face of the earth. The Powers of Europe have admitted the direct agency of the Turkish Government in ordering and superintending wholesale massacre. We need not enter again into the oft-told tale of horror; substantially there can be no doubt as to the main facts, which cast an awful shadow on the closing years of the nineteenth century. If we were dealing with any Western State in which such occurrences had occurred, we might find it difficult to locate the responsibility for such deeds, though we should naturally throw the onus on the responsible Ministry. But in Turkey there can be no hesitation as to where the blame

must rest in the last resort. The Sultan is absolute ruler; he is regarded as directly responsible for even the smaller details of his Government, much more for the acts which resulted in the slaying of a hundred thousand people. From that responsibility Abdul Hamid cannot free himself. It may be that here and there his orders may have been carried out more remorselessly than he had intended; it may be that robberies and murders which he did not foresee were perpetrated by the armed ruffians employed (though not paid) by the Turkish government. But after making every possible allowance, it must be said that the policy of wholesale extermination was the Sultan's personal policy, dictated by him, carried out under the Imperial orders, the general facts being quite well-known at Constantinople. It is a damning indictment against a ruler, but it is an indictment which must stand, and it renders all decent and humane people reluctant to sanction any demonstration of satisfaction that such a ruler has for so many years directed the policy of Turkey. As we have said, diplomatic actions and international conventions must be respected, but such action can only be formal; it may have behind it the sanction of custom and law, it is impossible that it should have the sanction of conscience and morality.

The Sultan is a man of a remarkable personality. It is claimed for him at Constantinople—and that by some who detest him and his policy—that he is the ablest ruler Turkey has had during the century. Partly Armenian by birth, he has the subtle intellect of that people, their diplomatic capacity, their business skill. He has not only contrived to amass a huge fortune, but he has given much attention to Turkish business interests. Many European and American inventions have been introduced into Turkey during his reign, and he is said to be specially interested in such things.

He is one of those rulers, so common in the Orient, who derives nothing from culture, but everything from natural keenness of mind. Ignorant of all but the most rudimentary knowledge, a mere average Turk in respect to what we think of as culture, he towers above most of his contemporary rulers in regard to native diplomatic power. In one respect it must be remembered that Turkey is a complete democratic State, in that there is no feudalism, no hereditary caste of any kind. Any Mussulman is eligible for the Sultanate, and Abdul Hamid was taken from lowly life and set among princes. If only the Turkish Empire were moral and decent, such a system would not be without its advantages. But the Empire was born in blood and ruin, it has lived on blood, it has wasted some of the earth's fairest regions, and in blood and ruin it will finally go down. Had any one predicted after the crushing of Turkey by Russia that the so-called "sick man" would be stronger at the end of the century than at any time perhaps since the liberation of Greece, that it would have made successful war on Greece, that it would have secured an alliance or at least an understanding of an intimate nature with Germany, that it would have baffled the diplomacy of combined Europe, that it would have successfully defied the demands of powerful creditors, that it would have slaughtered multitudes of human beings without external interference or effective protest—had such a prediction, we say, been made twenty-two years ago, it would have been regarded as improbable; yet, as we know, these things have come to pass.

It is by reason of these achievements that the jubilee of the Sultan causes rejoicing among his ignorant subjects, who are entirely ignorant of the resources of the Western world, and who have no ambition beyond a life of ease, save when war is to be made. But we know that there is another side to the

picture. Within less than half a century Turkey has lost nearly half of her dominions and her population, and the policy which Abdul Hamid supports is precisely the policy which has led to that result. Turkey has, it is true, a really powerful army of the bravest fighting men on the planet, but that army is composed of unpaid mercenaries largely officered by foreigners, and it is safe to say that it will never be extensively employed save by foreign permission. In a word, Germany has officered the Turkish forces, at least in Europe, and for her own ends. This German understanding will prove in the long run more fatal for Turkey than the former friendship of France and England, and the Sultan's policy will look very different some years hence from what it does to-day. The Kaiser loads the Sultan with gifts and compliments, but he is wringing from him concession after concession; he is colonizing Asia Minor with German subjects, and he intends to be the residuary legatee of a goodly slice of the Turkish Empire. That is what all this friendship comes to, it is commercial, it is "good business" for industrial Germany. It may well be, therefore, that the historian of the future will say that, while outwardly the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid seemed to be strengthening, it was really undermining the Turkish Empire.

We cannot see into the future, and in Turkey especially, anything is possible. But, so far as can be discerned, the "sick man's" hour of death has not yet come. He is kept alive by the dissensions of Europe and by the difficulty of providing a possible successor to his estate. The most ardent Philhellene admits that Greece neither will nor can succeed; the little Balkan Powers are out of the question; shall it be Russia or Austria which is to be enthroned in the city of Constantine? Who can say? By skilfully using German interests, the

Sultan can prolong and accentuate European divisions even while, as we have said, he is ultimately bringing about his Empire's ruin. So long as the leading Powers are divided, they can no more destroy Turkey than they can China; for interest will lead some combination of Powers to give either Empire their moral, and, if need be, their material, support. It is not pleasant to contemplate the prolongation of Turk-

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ish rule, but we are attempting to face facts as they are. Therefore, from a superficial point of view, we admit that Turkey has ground for her rejoicing over the achievements of her present ruler. But from a deeper standpoint, we think that his Empire is more really undermined than ever, while, from a moral point of view, we do not feel like congratulating Europe, as a whole, on the spectacle at Constantinople.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

New stories by Henry Seton Merriman, the late Georg Ebers, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Lucas Malet, William Le Queux and others are in the list of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s announcements.

The complete poetical works of Mrs. Browning are to be added this season to the admirable "Cambridge" edition of the poets, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Miss Harriet Waters Preston edits the volume, and furnishes notes and a biographical sketch.

Now it is asserted with great positiveness that the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is the Countess von Arnim, nee Beauchamp, Mary, daughter of Henry Beauchamp of England. She lives with her husband and children in a lonely schloss.

John Buchan's story, "The Half-Hearted," which has been running as a serial in *Good Words*; an historical novel by Miss A. M. Ewell, based on an episode of Virginian history and entitled "A White Guard to Satan;" a story called "A Prodigal" by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote; a Sicilian romance called "The Last Refuge," written by Henry B. Fuller; and a series of

"Petersburg Tales," with their scenes in Russia, but told by an Englishwoman, Olive Garnett, are among the books of fiction in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s autumn list.

The Rev. A. W. Jackson's study and biography of James Martineau is nearly ready from the press of Little, Brown & Co. The same publishers announce a life of Francis Parkman, the historian. It has been written by Mr. Charles Haight Farnham, with the approval and co-operation of Mr. Parkman's relatives.

The final two volumes of Augustus J. C. Hare's autobiography "The Story of My Life," which have been delayed until the death of certain persons mentioned removed possible objections to their publication, are promised for this autumn. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the American publishers. The same house is to publish the American edition of Dean Farrar's "The Life of Lives: or, Further Studies in the Life of Christ."

Miss Bertha Runkle, author of the striking historical romance, "The Helmet of Navarre," now in course of serial publication in *The Century*, is

the daughter of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, who is editorially connected with The New York Tribune.

A series which promises to present "books that are books" in a form attractive to book-lovers is that announced by Dodd, Mead & Co., under the general title of "Bookman Classics." Among the first issues will be "The Sentimental Journey" and "The Scarlet Letter."

The Boer war set back many publishing preparations in England, and the autumn season had promised to be usually full in consequence. But now comes the Chinese crisis, and no one can predict what distraction of the public mind may attend it.

Professor J. P. Gordy, of the Ohio State University, has undertaken "A History of Political Parties in the United States," the first two volumes of which will be published this autumn by Henry Holt & Co., at a time when the political parties are much in evidence.

As one notes the picturesqueness of the characters whom Margaret Horton Potter has summoned to the pages of "Uncanonized"—Queen Isabella, cruel but fascinating, the Princess Eleanor of Brittany and her hapless brother Arthur, and King John himself, with his whole group of Magna Charta barons—one wonders that a period so full of possibilities for historical fiction should have been so seldom drawn upon. The hero of Miss Potter's story is a young courtier, Anthony Fitz Herbert, whom his father's dying request dooms to a monastery in expiation of the sin which gave him birth, and its plot follows the religious rather than the political movements of the time. The chapters describing the effect upon

England of the Papal Interdict, and the development of free thought under its very shadow, are of especial interest. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Mark Twain" has for some time been suspected of serious moral purposes and his latest volume confirms the suspicion. The title-story, "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," is a striking character study, in spite of whimsicalities and exaggerations. Essays which follow treat with varying proportions of fun and earnestness the political situation in Austria, the Dreyfus case, and the position of the Jews in Europe and America. A skit called "At the Appetite Cure," conveys some sensible views about diet and health, and other sketches on lighter themes diversify a readable volume. Harper & Brothers.

Two ancient castles and an hereditary feud between them, a wicked old lord with his charming nephew in one and a whole family of orphan brothers and sisters in the other, a retired military officer from India, his son missing since the Afghan campaign, a god-mother of lavish generosity, an old nurse, and pensioners galore—given these delightful ingredients, and Katharine Tynan's deft hand to mix them, and how can the result fail to please a girl's taste? The story of "The Handsome Brandons" is a model of its kind—the style easy and pleasant, the proportions of incident, dialogue and description exactly what they should be, the characters distinct, and the plot not too taxing even for the credulity of mature years. And with all the rest, the book teaches as many wholesome lessons of courtesy, courage and self-sacrifice as a host of others far less readable. One seldom finds a volume for young people which can be given and received with so much satisfaction on both sides. A. C. McClurg & Co.

